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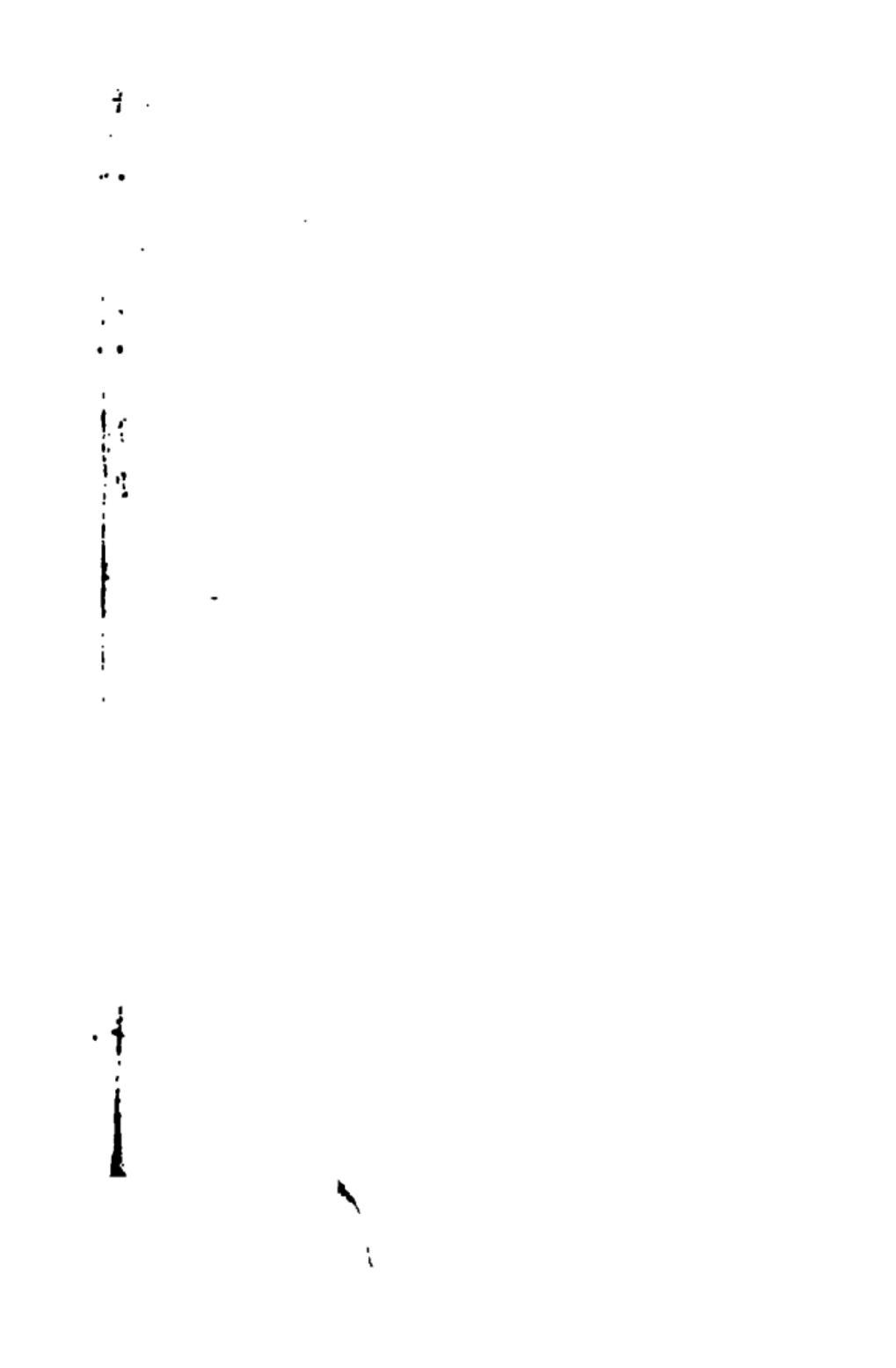
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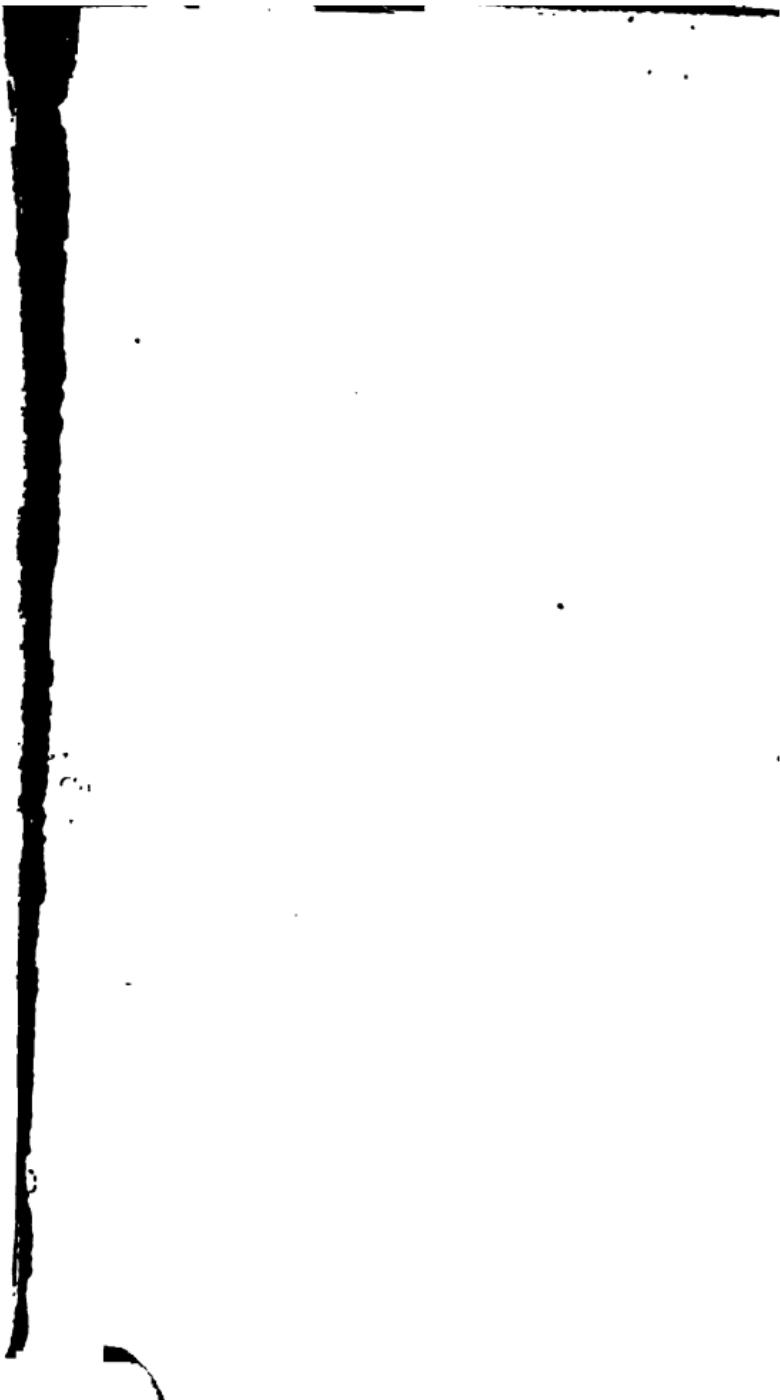
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*Barnabæ Itinerarium;*  
or,  
**DRUNKEN BARNABY'S**  
**FOUR JOURNEYS**

TO  
**THE NORTH OF ENGLAND:**

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH METRE.

WITTILY AND MERRILY (THO' AN HUNDRED YEARS AGO)  
COMPOSED; FOUND AMONG SOME OLD MUSTY BOOKS  
THAT HAD LAIN A LONG TIME BY IN A CORNER,  
AND NOW AT LAST MADE PUBLIC.

TOGETHER WITH

**B E S S Y B E L L.**

To which is now added (never before published),

**THE ANCIENT BALLAD**

OF

**C H E V Y C H A S E.**

IN LATIN AND ENGLISH VERSE.

---

*Hic est quem quærvis, ille quem requiris,*  
*Toto notus in Orbe*—Britannus.—MART.  
BARNABAS Ebrius.

---

BY RICHARD BRATHWAIT,

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, COPIOUS NOTES AND INDEX.

**YORK:**  
**THOMAS GENT.**

1852.

14453.21

186.0; 89.1

Yield 100%.



*Barnabæ*  
ITINERARIUM,  
MIRILI & FAUSTULI no-  
minibus insignitum : Viatoris  
Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis  
numeris redactum, veterique Tono  
B A R N A B A E publicè  
decantatum.

---

Authore *Corymbæo*.

---



---

*Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.*

---

*Barnabees*  
J O U R N A L,  
Under the Names of  
MIRTILO & FAUSTULUS  
shadowed : for the Travellers  
Solace lately published, to most apt  
numbers reduced, and to the old Tune  
of BARNABE commonly  
chanted.

---

By *Corymbæus*.

---



---

*The oyle of malt and juyce of spritely nectar  
Have made my Muse more valiant than  
Hector.*

---





THE  
P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

---

IT will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years, Being desir'd by a *gentlewoman* to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanced upon DRUNKEN BARNABY, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble ; whereupon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd

as well as myself. What I can gather of the *author* is chiefly from himself; for he says, Coming to a place call'd *Harrington*, he was well pleas'd with the omen, and spent some money there for *name-sake*, so that I conclude his name was **BARNABY HARRINGTON**. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and sometimes three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden,) he at last arrived at *Appleby* in *Westmoreland*, where he was born, and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in *Queen's College, Oxon*, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man, no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey *Barnaby*! take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the coun-

try, turn'd farmer, and frequented the horse-fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the *reader* pleas'd, as I was.

## EDITOR LECTORI.

QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc l  
pidissimum legendo gaudebam, quod et  
facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editu  
inveni absq; æra, absq; nomine vel a  
uthoris, vel bibliopolæ, vel typographi, a  
ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum inc  
cante, ergo statui mei juris esse, inq; luce  
emisi. De authore quod certum est sub  
ciam : Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc pr  
sule intellexi authorem **BARNABAM HAN**  
**RINGTON** fuisse ante multos annos (for  
nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel A  
tium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum C  
olegii Reginensis apud *Oxonenses*, qu  
innuit etiam authore sœpius. Natus era  
ut ait ipse, **Aballabæ Westmarorum int**

Septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi  
adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille  
de quo decantatum illud et tritum apud  
**vulgaris cantillatur,**

Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a warning,  
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi  
quidquam, facile perleges, et perfecto judi-  
cabis. De versu, de metro, de erroribus  
neq; est quod addam, ipse enim autor satis  
ludicre in errata libro præfixa seipsum vin-  
dicavit, quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede ?  
Quid si carmen claudio pede ?  
Quid si noctem sensi diem ?  
Quid si veprem esse viam ?  
Sat est, verbum declinavi,  
“ *Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*”

Vale et ride affatim, Lector.

## UPON THIS WORK.

THIS three days' task was once imposed me,  
In the first Spring of my minority !  
No edge of Razor then had toucht my chin,  
Nor downy shade approach'd my supple Skin ;  
I knew not th' postures of this *Indian vapour*.  
Nor made my Sacrifice unto my Taper ;  
I'd ne'er seene any *Curtaine* nor *partition*,  
Which beget worke for *Surgeon* and *Physician* ;  
I was a Novice in the Schoole of Sin,  
Nor yet did taste, what others dived in.  
Excuse this *Subject* then, if 't doe not fit  
The nicenesse of this Age for weight and wit.  
Birds flicker first before they learne to fly,  
And trust me on my credit so did I.  
“ Great Tasks when they'r to shorter times confin'd  
“ Will force a Worke mount lower than the mire.”

## LOYAL PHEANDER

TO HIS

## ROYAL ALEXANDER.

THE title, noble friend, of *Alexander*,  
Were it nought else, implies a great *com-  
mander* :

And so you shall be still of me and mine,  
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling rhyme :  
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reel,  
Whose *head* makes such iambicks with his  
*heel*.

## IN ERRATA.

*Lector, ne mireris illa,  
Villam si mutavi villa,  
Si regressum feci metro,  
Retro ante, ante retro  
Inferendo, "ut præpono  
Godmanchester Harrington.  
Quid si breves fiant longi ?  
Si vocales sint diphthongi ?  
Quid si graves sint acuti ?  
Si accentus fiant muti ?  
Quid si placide, plene, plane,  
Fregi frontem Prisciani ?  
Quid si sedem muto sede ?  
Quid si Carmen claudio pede ?  
Quid si noctem sensi diem ?  
Quid si veprem esse viam ?  
Sat est, Verbum declinavi,  
"Titubo, titubas, titubavi."*

## UPON THE ERRATAS.

READER, think no wonder by it,  
If with town I've town supplied ;  
If my metre's backward nature  
Set before what shou'd be later :  
" As for instance is exprest there,  
*Harrington after Godmanchester,*  
What tho' *breve's* be made *longo's* ?  
What tho' *vowels* be *diphthongo's* ?  
What tho' *graves* become *acute* too ?  
What tho' *accents* become *mute* too ?  
What tho' freely, fully, plainly,  
I've broke *Priscian's* forehead mainly ?  
What tho' seat with seat I've strained ?  
What tho' my limp verse be maimed ?  
What tho' night I've ta'en for day too ?  
What tho' I've made briers my way too ?  
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,  
*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*"

**AD****V I A T O R E M.**

OPPIDA dum peragras, peragrando  
mata spectes,  
Spectando titubes, *Barnabe*, nomen ha

TO THE

T R A V E L L E R.

TOWNS while thou walkest  
And see'st this poetry,  
And seeing, stumblest,  
Thou art BARNABY.

AD

## TRANSLATOREM.

PESSIMUS est cerdo; qui transtulit ordi  
calvo,

Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,  
Ast hic *translator* corii peramabilis actor,  
Qui rhythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

## OF OUR AUTHOR,

RICHARD BRATHWAIT:\*

BORN about 1588; FLOURISHED 1611—1665;  
DIED Mar. 4, 1673.

---

THE ancestors of BRATHWAIT were possessed of a good freehold domain in the county of Westmorland, and appear to have resided thereon through several generations. Whether the estate passed by a

\* The family name underwent many of the capricious variations that distinguish the orthography of that period; it being sometimes spelt Braithwait, Braythwait, Braynthwayt, Branthwait, Braythwayt, and Brathwait. Some literary friends have obliged the Editor by communicating four different autographs of our author. That engraved under the

oft-condemned entail, whereby families usually inherit respect without attaining eminence, is not important: the first member of the family of Brathwait whose mental endowments gave distinction to the name, was our author.

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portrait is from the letter given at length in the note p. xxxiii, dated February 1629. The three copied beneath the monument are from legal instruments,—the first dated in January 1663; the two last, of successive days in March 1672,—and are upon one sheet of paper. Some doubt may be entertained of both signatures being written at the same time, although probably that was the fact. They clearly show the decrepitude of age as well in the tremulous hand-writing as incertitude of spelling, not unusual at the writer's advance in years; who was then, we presume, at least 84. The solitary chance, therefore, of the name being once wrote Braithwaite, need not endanger another little deluge of ink,—to imitate some praiseworthy commentators, by laboured discussion; as at present it sufficeth that many concurring authorities confirm the adoption of what our author has thrice written, *viz. Brathwait.*

Richard Brathwait, the grandfather, lived at and was owner of Ambleside in the barony of Kendal, in Westmorland. He married Anne, daughter of William Sandys, of East Thwaites, Lancashire, and had issue one son, Robert\* B., who possessed Burneshead† in the same county, and married Alice daughter of John Williamson of Milbech, Cumberland. They had issue—1, Anne, married John Bradley of Bradley, Lancashire; 2, Thomas; 3, Elizabeth, married George Benson of Hugell, Westmorland; 4, Isabell, married Thomas Briggs of Caumire, Westmorland; and 5, Gawe, married Isabell daughter of Richard Forster, Esq.

Thomas, the eldest son, father of the author, having purchased of John Warcop, after a family possession of above three

---

\* Wood calls him Thomas.

† Sometimes spelt Barnside, or Burnside.

centuries, the manor of Warcop near Appleby, resided there until, probably, the death of his own father, when he became possessed of Burneshead. To him a grant was made, by way of increase to the ancient family arms,\* and he was afterwards knighted. He married Dorothy daughter of Robert Bindloss of Haulston, Westmoreland, and had issue—1, Agnes, married Sir Thomas Lamplew of Downby, Cambridgeshire; 2, Thomas (who was knighted), married Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Dalston of Dalston, Cumberland; 3, Alice married Thomas Barton of Wherby, Yorkshire; 4, RICHARD BRATHWAIT; 5, Dorothy, married Francis Salkeld of Whinhall, Esq.; 6, Mary, married John Bris-

---

\* Gules, on a chevron argent three cross crosslets fitchée sable; a crest or cognizance thus: Upon a helme on a torse white and black, a grey horse couchant argent, his collar and lyne gules, mantling gules, double argent.

of Crofton, Esq.; 7, Anne, married to Alan Askoughe of Richmond in Yorkshire, Gent.\* Richard Brathwait is supposed to have been born about 1588 at Burneshead, which is in the parish of Kendall; and he alludes to the latter as his 'native place' in some lines addressed "to the truely worthy the Alderman of Kendall and his brethren." After lamenting therein the prevalence of drunkenness, he says :

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\* The *Description of a good Wife*, 1619, was inscribed by the author

"To his 5 equally affectionate Sisters, all vertuous content.

To you that are the chiefest of my care,  
Tyes of my loue and figures of my life,  
Send I this character, where ech may share  
Her equal portion in my rare-good Wife,  
And be the same, which I'me resolu'd you are :  
So shall your Husbands say (I doubt it not)  
The Sisters liues prou'd what their Brother wrot

"Yours iointly as his owne.

"MVSOPHILVS."

' How happy should I in my wishes be,  
 If I this vice out of request could see,  
 Within that native place where I was borne,  
 It lies in you deere Townes-men to reforme.'\*

In some moral reflections published by Brathwait, and founded upon the events of his own life, he dwells rather unsparingly upon the idle and thoughtless hours of

\* In another poem, addressing the *Cottonneers of Kendall*, he confirms that country being his place of residence and nativity, by the following lines:

And in my observations seeme to show,  
 That due respect I to my country owe.

\* \* \* \* \*

That did this taske and labour undertake,  
 For your profession and your countries sake,  
 Whose ayre I breath'd, O I were worthy death,  
 Not to love them, who suckt with me one breat!  
 How many families supported be,  
 Within the compasse of one Barrony.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let me exhort you, in respect I am  
 Unto you all both friend and countriman.

See *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, p. 173--

early youth. Books he describes as first loved only for their covers ; and, like most infantine readers, he always preferred the gaiety of the flowers and indented letters to the matter. This carelessness he began to shake off when he had served only two apprenticeships (as he says) in the world, and at that period had advanced higher in stature than discretion. After leaving school he was sent to the University, and, according to Wood, “became a commoner of Oriel College A. D. 1604, aged 16, and was matriculated as a gentleman’s son and a native of the county of Northumberland.” There he rapidly advanced in his studies ; and when time called, examination approved him for a graduate. Having afterwards received for a task *Terræ Filius*, his exercise exhibited such signs of proficiency that he received considerable encouragement to pursue his studies, as also a free tender of ample preferment. In this course he re-

mained contented for several years, deriving from the bounteous bosom of Alma Mater and the freedom of those studies no less private comfort than in the voice of other encouragement, until he resolved to set his rest there if it accorded with his parents' liking. In this determination he was soon crossed, being parentally enjoined to pursue the course of academic exercises, wherein he had tasted such infinite content, to a profession little suited with his disposition. He who had, according to Wood, "avoided much as he could the rough paths of logic and philosophy, and traced those smoother ones of poetry and Roman history, in which at length he did excel," found the flowes of poesy and history could not be easily transplanted and thrive amidst the thorny places and plashes of the Law. Most unwillingly he took leave of the University,

---

\* "He removed to Cambridge, as it seems, whe-

and was compelled to address his studies to knowledge as different from his former element as if moulded to some new dialect ; for though versed in most tongues, he was in this, he declares, a mere noviciate. Here he remained long, and lightly pro-

---

also he spent some time for the sake of dead and living authors."—*Ath. Oxoniensis.* It was probably while at Cambridge that his tutor was Lancelot Andrews, afterwards bishop of Winchester. In *His Farewell to Poetry*, Brathwait delineates the University life in the following lines :

" Much better was my state, and far more free,  
When I remain'd i' th' Vniversitie ;  
Where as I had nought, so I car'd for nought,  
But for th' pitch of knowledg, which I sought :  
Having both cheerfull sleep, and healthfull ayre,  
And stomach too, hows'ere my *commons* were.  
What choice delights were then afforded us  
In reading Plutarch, Livie, Tacitus,  
Or the Stagyrian's rare philosophie,  
Whereto the Inds may not compared be  
With all their precious oare ; for I did finde  
No mine on earth could so enrich the minde."

x

; studying more for acquaintance than  
knowledge, and still, like others, running  
deeply in arrears with time and gulling the  
es of opinion with the semblance of a law-  
own.

This burst into life, relieved from the  
shackling lessons of a tutor, and proba-  
bly far distant from the penetrating eye  
of a parent, seems to have confirmed his  
taste for literary composition. However,  
the effect may best appear in his own  
words :—

“ Amidst these disrelishing studies,” he  
says, “ whereto I was rather enforced than  
inclined ; I bestowed much precious time  
(better spent than in Tavernes and Brothe-  
in reviving in mee the long-languisht  
spirit of Poetrie, with other morall assi-  
which so highly delighted mee, as  
kept mee from affecting that loose k  
libertie, which through fulnesse of  
and licentiousnesse of the age, I

much followed and eagerly pursued by many. This moved mee sometimes to fit my buskin'd Muse for the Stage;\* with other occasionall Presentments or Poems; which being freeborne, and not mercenarie, received gracefull acceptance of all such as understood my ranke and qualtie. For so happily had I crept into Opinion (but weake is that happinesse that is grounded on Opinion) by closing so well with the temper and humour of the time, as nothing was either presented by mee (at the instancie of the noblest and most generous wits and

---

\* At this period, when his mind fevered for fame, restlessly toiling to maintain the enviable distinction given him by the finger of notoriety as "one of the wits," the aid of his "buskin'd muse" no doubt assisted his purpose: but whatever he then produced for the stage remains unknown, if not entirely lost. Those pieces by which his name is recorded among the dramatic writers, are founded upon political events that happened after the work above quoted was in print.

spirits of that time) to the Stage ; committed by me to the presse ; which p with good approvement in the estir the world. Neither did I use these solaces of my pen, otherwise than as onely to the imagination : rather to and season more serious studies, th count them any fixt imployment. N I onely bestow my time on these ; addressed my selfe to subjects of st digestion ; being such as required maturitie of judgment, though lesse nancie of invention : relishing more lampe than those lighter measures v had formerly penned ; wherein I g strong in the opinion and reputat others as before. This I must confes got in mee a glowing heat and concei selfe : but this I held an easie error the more dispensable, because from the infirmitie of nature. How I can very well remember (and what

followers can bee to such a remembrance  
but penitent teares and incessant feares)  
that I held it in those dayes an incompar-  
able grace to be styled one of the Wits.  
Where, if at any time invited to a publique  
feast, or some other meeting of the Muses,  
wee hated nothing more than losing time ;  
reserving ever some select houres of that  
solemnity, to make proofe of our conceits in  
a present provision of epigrams, anagrams,  
with other expressive (and many times of-  
fensive) fancies.

" But Wits so ill employed were like  
weapons put into mad mens hands. They  
hurt much, benefitted little: distasting more  
than they pleased ; for they liked onely  
such mens palats, as were male-contents,  
and critically affected. By this time I had  
got an eye in the world ; and a finger in  
the street. There goes an Author ! One of  
the wits ! " \*

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\* *Spiritual Spicerie*, 1638.

From the Inns of Court he appears to have adventured awhile among the merchants, and finally to have left court and city to turn honest countryman, his parents having settled a competent estate upon him. This determination was made soon after the decease of his father ; an event which probably led to an arrangement whereby possession was given, at no very distant period, of the landed property limited and assigned for his use. In the will of the father, as appears in the extracts below,\* his early

\* “In the name of God, Amen, the eighteenth of February in the yeare of o' Lord God one thousand six hundred and six: I, Thomas Braithwaite, of Burneshead in the County of Westmerland, Esquier”



“And also my Will and mynd is that my sonne Richard Braithwait shall contynue in the Univ'stie of Oxford, and there to applie and followe learnin' for and during such tyme as my Wife, w<sup>th</sup> the ad<sup>r</sup> of the more p<sup>t</sup> of the supviso<sup>n</sup> of this my last

unsteady volatile habits are partially glanced at, while admonishing him as a favourite

---

and Testament, then living, shall thinke meet: And afterwards goe and remayne at the Innes of Court, and there to applie and followe the studie of the lawes of this Realme, so long as he shall well behave himselfe, and diligentlie followe and applie the said studie: as my trust is that he will do. And my mynd is that my wife shall bestowe upon him, yearly, during her life, a competent and reasonable porc'on, at her discretion, for and towards his mayntenance and fynding, so long as he wilbe obedient unto her, and ruled and advised by her, and be of good demeanour and behaviour: the same to be levied in such manner and forme as I have lymitted and appointed by the said Indenture, hereinbefore menc'oned, made between me of thone p'tie, and the said Richard Hutton, Rob<sup>t</sup> Bindlose, Thomas Lamplugh, Thomas Burton, and Rob<sup>t</sup> Crosfeld, of the other p'tie. And whereas by the same Indenture I have lymitted and appointed unto him certaine lands, tenem<sup>ts</sup> and hereditam<sup>ts</sup>, as by the same Indenture more at large appeareth, my will intent and meaning is, that the said lands, tenem<sup>ts</sup> and hereditam<sup>ts</sup>, so to him lymitted and as-

and perhaps too much indulged son. The testator's injunction for the completing his

---

signed, shalbe and stand for his full advancm<sup>t</sup> and p'fermt<sup>t</sup>, and in full recompence and satisfac<sup>n</sup>on of the filliall or child's porc'on, w'ch should or ought by and after my death, to belong or app'teyne to him of my goods or chattells. Also I will and bequeath unto my three daughters Agnes Lamplugh, Alice Burton, and Mary Briscoe, twenty pounds apeece. And I do will and straightlie charge my two sonnes, Thomas and Richard, that they be kinde, loving, obedient and dutifull to there Mother, and be advised and counselled by her. And I do likewise charge all my daughters that they shalbe kynd, loving and comfortable to her." \* \* \*

" And I do give and bequeath to Dorothie my welbeloved wife all my goods and chattells whatsoev<sup>r</sup> hereinbefore not bequeathed, my debts, fun'alls and legacies discharged. And I do make her my sole Executrix. And I do nōiate and appoint Supervisors of this my last Will and Testam<sup>t</sup>, my welbeloved nephew Richard Hutton, Sergiant at lawe; my welbeloved brother in lawe Rob<sup>t</sup> Bindlose, Esquier; my welbeloved sonnes in lawe Thomas Lamplugh, Thomas Burton, and John Briscoe, Es-

education at the University, and afterwards to apply and perfect his studies at the Inns of Court, shows the fond hope and confidence entertained of his future proficiency as a scholar and ability as a lawyer. But, as it commonly happens, neither paternal forethought, or the staid admonitions of those clothed with testamentary authority, could stay natural inclination, nor prevent the ambition of our author penning

"A stanza when he should engross."

However, certain it is the death of the father created some family differences, that were only staid in progress by the prudent intervention of friends. He particularly alludes

---

quiess; and my nephew, Thomas Braithwait, Gentleman : desireing them, as my trust is in them, that they wilbe aiding and helping to my wife and children, and to see this my last Will and Testament to be p'formed so farr as in them lieth." \* \* \*

Proved at York 28th May, 1610.

to this subject in a dedication to his uncle in 1611, where he refers to “the troubled course of our estates and the favourable regard you had of our attonement, which is now (he adds) so happily confirmed.”\* In addressing his elder brother he also alludes to the same subject.—“Our ciuill warres be now ended, vniion in the sweete harmony of minde and coniunction hath prevented the current of ensuing faction,” † &c.

He first married, in 1617, Frances daughter of James Lawson of Nesham‡ near Darlington, in the bishoprick of Durham, at which she was born, being the descendant of a very ancient family.§ These cir-

\* *Golden Fleece*, 1611. See p. 176.

† Ibid. See p. 178.

‡ Neare Darlington was my deare darling borne,  
Of noble house, which yet beares honor’s forme.

*Anniversaries upon his Panarete*, 1634.

§ Brathwait occasionally introduced in his stories and poems, incidents that happened in his own family

cumstances explain the passages in the

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and life; and many allusions therein imply that the parents, or one of them, for some cause unexplained, objected to or occasioned a deferring of his union with Frances Lawson. In the following letter, written to obtain the license, there seems a laboured ambiguity in endeavouring to assume the especial character of a friend, at the same time using the signature of the father, or that of a near relative or kinsman of the lady, as intending to impose on the notary. However, if fictitious in substance, and an ingenious love-fraud by Brathwait to effect a clandestine marriage, the purpose succeeded; for it was considered authentic by Mr. Hegge the Notary Public, Durham, to whom it was addressed, and the required license immediately granted.

"Mr. Hegge. After my right hartie commendac'ons remembred gr. [greeting] I earnestlie require by a speciall frinde of myne the rather by reason of my acquaintance w<sup>t</sup> you, to be a meanes for the . . . . [procuring] and obteyninge a license for the marriage of a coople w<sup>t</sup>in . . . . [the spiritual] courte at Durham. The p'tyes names to be married ar Richard Brathwayte and Fraunces Lawson whoe I darre assure you of my creditt and as I

Journal, when on his first visit to Nesham,  
Barnabee says—

*Heræ vultu speciosam :*

---

am verilye p'swaded in confidence, are eache of them  
free from any other p'contracte, but betwene them-  
selves; and that (as I am crediblye enformed) the  
same concluded and agreed upon by consent of  
bothe ther parents: The fees therefor dewe you  
shall receyue by this bearer: if the same licence  
must of necessitye express the minister his name in  
p'ticular who should marrye them (as some saye it  
ought) w<sup>ch</sup> for my p'te I knowe not, though I have  
noe directions eyther from the p'tyes themselves, or  
my s'd frinde to nominate anye, then you may spe-  
ciallye name Mr. Thomas Thompson p'son of Hur-  
worthe for that purpose: otherwise I pray you lett  
the license be as generall as may be, and the same  
I pray you make readye agaynst to morrow that this  
bearer shall call for the same. Thus requiringe  
your good frindshippe and furtherance hearin

"I comit you to God and will rest ever  
"Your verrye loving freinde

"Nesham this 2 of  
Maij 1617."

"JAMES LAWSON."

And upon the second, *ad Nesham cum uxore*:

Et amamus et amamus.

The license was dated the 2d May, 1617, and granted at the request of Ralph Lambe, servant of James Lawson of Nesham, Esq.; and the marriage ceremony took place at Hurworth, in which parish Nesham is situated, and is a village about three miles from Darlington.\*

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\* The issue of this union was nine children, viz. Thomas, Robert, James, Richard, Philip, Dorothy, Alice, Agnes, and John.

Thomas the eldest son, who then resided at Ambleside, gave by deed, dated 26 Nov. 1674, a collection of medals to the University of Oxford; which probably was formed by his father. See Camden's *Britannia* by Gibson, col. 987.

John, the youngest child, was born the 19th February, 1630: his father hailed the event in some verses appended to the *Whimzies* in the following year as

Living at Burneshead many years, Brath-wait “became (says Wood) Captain of a Foot-company in the Trained-Bands,\* a

*Clivs his Genethlia vpon the Birth-day of his sonne  
John.*

Vagiendo vallem intramus,  
Suspirando relinquimus.

*With shreekes we live, and with a sigh we die;  
Thus live we, die we, grieve is ever die.*

God bless thee John and make thee such an one,  
That I may ioy in calling thee my Son.  
Thou art my ninth, and by it I divine  
That thou shalt live to love the Muses nine.  
And live by loving them : for it were fit  
A younger brother had an elder wit—*&c.*

\* Probably he held a military appointment about the close of the reign of Charles I., as his loyal exertions in favour of that unfortunate monarch are evinced in many instances ; and there is a traditional belief that he commanded a troop of horse during the Civil Wars. It may also be conjectured that Thomas B., his eldest son, accompanied the royal exile Charles II. to Breda in 1650. The fol-

Deputy-Lieutenant in the county of Westmorland, a Justice of Peace,\* and a noted

l owing official paper is given from an original manuscript *penes me*:—

"Charles R. Our will and pleasure is that you pay and deliver the sum of one hundred gulders to Captaine Braithwaite and the summe of fifty gulders to Captaine Allen for their charges in our seruice which we have directed them to doe. And for so doing this shal be your Warrant. Giuen at Breda the 28<sup>h</sup> of May 1650.

"By his Ma<sup>t</sup> command,  
"To our trusty and welbeloued                  "ROB. LONG."  
Seruant, S<sup>r</sup> Edward Walker  
Kn<sup>t</sup> our Receiu<sup>r</sup> General."

[Indorsed] "Breda 29<sup>h</sup> of May 1650. Receaued then of S<sup>r</sup> Edward Walker Kn<sup>t</sup> his Ma<sup>t</sup><sup>ies</sup> Receauor Generall the full sum of one Hundred Guilders according to his Ma<sup>t</sup><sup>ies</sup> Warrant within written. I say receaved by me

100 Guild<sup>s</sup>.                  "THO. BRAITHWAIT."

"Breda 29 May 1650. Receaued, &c. 50 Guild<sup>s</sup>.  
"WILLIAM ALLANE."

\* This appointment he obtained very soon after

Wit and Poet. He wrote and published several books in English: consisting of prose and poetry, highly commended in the age wherein published, but since slighted and despised as frivolous matters, and only to be taken into the hands of novices."

Brathwait is little obliged to honest Anthony a Wood for this character. Indeed, though the Biographer is apt to deal largely in this sort of criticism on popular

his settling in the country. "It pleased the prince," he says, "to put mee in commission for administration of Justice: a vertue and a choyce one too, yet such an one, as by the abuse of man, not of time, may be compared to the Celedony stone, which retaineth her vertue no longer than it is rubbed with gold. For my carriage therein, I appeale to such as knew mee: many imperfections and failings (heaven knowes) accompanied mee, which by an humble acknowledgement of mine owne wants and an earnest desire of supply by God's grace, became so rectified in mee; as what before seemed crooked, was by that golden rule of his divine will in mee straightned."—*Holy Memorials, &c.*

writers, it is not such as conveys very precise ideas. He has said something of the same kind of Robert Greene and many others. What is its fair import? That our author was a favourite in his day with a higher class of readers than in the succeeding age! And what is this but to have incurred the evils inseparable from the popularity of fashion? It is of the essence of fashion to *descend* in the subjects of its dominion; and to transfer its yoke to the vulgar, at the period when it is thrown off by those of rank and consideration.

To take advantage of temporary topics, and a temporary phraseology, to excite notice, is certainly a strong presumption of a minor genius. It is that “deciduous sort of laurel” ascribed by Wood to Brathwait; but it is the business of an impartial critic to examine whether in this instance (as in many others) it has been justly ascribed by this indiscriminate biographer.

As the author of *Barnabee's Journal*, it will scarcely be denied that he possessed a native and unsophisticated wit and humour, a perspicuity of expression, a dance of imagery, and a facility of metre, which rank him with those, whose talents are calculated to rise above the casual attractions derived from the manners of a single generation, and to command the notice and praise of every age.\*

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\* Of his style of correspondence I have only obtained a single specimen, and that a letter upon a pecuniary arrangement: however, it is not of less interest or importance than the epistolary scraps now too commonly made public as written by men of talent and genius that have passed the bourn of mortality. The envelope is lost: it is supposed to be addressed to Sir Timothy Hutton, son of the archbishop, who was always in difficulties: he married a daughter of Sir George Bowes;—and the Sir Talbot named is probably Sir Talbot B. brother to his wife; and the brother, Thomas B. of Streatham, Esq.

“S. Such small successe did ōr last meeting pro-

Brathwait's wife died March 7th, 1633,  
and he piously and sincerely mourned the

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duce, as I am wholly disheartned to renew them. Besides, I doe much feare, that in accepting of new propositions, or admitting of any new bargaine, it might fare w<sup>th</sup> me, as it doth w<sup>th</sup> unexperienced younglins, who after one arrow lost, or graz'd, shoot another after. Truth is, if these propositions (w<sup>th</sup> in generall tearmes you expresse in your letter) did probably induce me that they intended any conclusion, I should be the more inclinable unto them: but how farre these have come short formerly of so faire and successive a cloze I appeale unto your knowing selfe. Notwithstanding all this, so strong and impressive a conceite have I ever recyved of your candor and integrity, as I perswadd myselfe that nothing you propound eyther in this particular or in ought else that may tend to honest and compatible mediations, but they receive opinion from you of assured successe, at least so probably grounded as they promise no lesse.—If you will be pleased to draw to some head such propositions as you intend, and return them so punctually and definitely as eyther to conclude so or not, I shall out of that respect and observance w<sup>th</sup> I tender you, not only returne answer to your demandes, but if it shall

event. In veneration of her memory, and as a public acknowledgment of her worth and virtues, he published for several years

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be requisite, or that such propositions as you shall make accommodate themselves to any probable end, I shall insert some indifferent place to treate more fully, touching the premizes. Which course, as I conceive is so much the rather to be embraced, in that it prepares the parties what they may object, how to resolve, and in each particular to addresse what they propose to some effectuall conclusion. If some occasions of maine consequence doe not divert my resolves, I purpose (God willing) to be at York Assizes, against w<sup>th</sup> tyme I suppose upon conference w<sup>th</sup> S<sup>r</sup> Talbot and his brother, you may pitch upon some conclusive resolves : howsoever upon returne of your particular propositions, w<sup>th</sup> I shall expect with all convenient expedition, I shall addresse my answer unto yourselfe. So w<sup>th</sup> our best respects unto yourselfe and second selfe,

“ I rest

“ Your assured loving friend,

“ Burneshead this 23  
Februarij 1629.

“ R. BRATHWAIT.”

verses as the *Anniversaries upon his Panarete*; and when reprinting the *Essays on the Five Senses*, 1635, he took the advantage of delivering a moral admonition to their infant offspring, by introducing therein “Love’s Legacy, or Panarete’s Blessing to her Children,” which is framed as if delivered in her very last moments, forbearing to speak of marriage because their childhood could not yet conceive it.

After remaining a widower six years he married again, taking for his second wife Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts of Kirtlington in Yorkshire, Gentleman; who was well jointured, being seised in her own right of the valuable manor of Catterick. He describes her as a widow and a native of Scotland.\* Their issue was the gallant

\* In *Panarete’s Triumph*, 1641, he says :

But cheerfull is my Panthea, and desires  
To feed her fancy with diviner fires.

Strafford Brathwait, who was afterward knighted, and killed in the ship Mary under the command of Sir Roger Strickland, during an engagement with the Tyger Algerian man of war, which was taken.

Some time after his second marriage he

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It cannot her sweet disposition please  
To twit her *last Choice* with abilities  
Of her *first Husband*: Such discourse, sayes she,  
Tasts more of lightnesse then of modestie.

Again—

The church gives her a lesson ; and her scorne  
Is to be taught in any other forme.  
For though, where those grand Covenanters be  
She took the place of her Nativitie,  
The odious projects she does so despise  
As with her needle shee'd pick out their eyes  
For want of stronger Armour, to expresse  
That loyall love which she did still professe  
To Prince and Countrey : this 'twas made me bring  
That Scottish posie to her nuptiall ring :  
“ Thus Twede and Tyne our loyall loves combine,  
“ Which Twedish factions never shall untwine.”

quitted Burneshead,\* probably to occupy

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\* The fevered state of the times might in part occasion his quitting the family residence at Burneshead. Brathwait was "a subject sworn to loyalty," and not likely under any sway at that lawless period to escape the common wrack of power. Lavish hospitality in support of the royal cause on the one hand, and contributions imperiously demanded and violently enforced in the name of either the Parliament or the Usurper upon the other, would serve equally to impoverish his hereditary property, and make a removal to the newly-acquired estate at Appleton a matter of convenience to prevent shading family honours. He declares himself to have been "a resolute sufferer for both" sovereign and country," and depicts the very impaired state of his fortune at the Restoration, in a poem addressed "To his Majesty upon his happy arrivall in our late discomposed Albion," (1660); which he describes as written "by him, who ever held his intimacy of Loyalty a sufficient reward for all his sufferings; and his house most happy in the hospitality of your [the King's] servants."

" My ruin'd fortunes I shall nere bemon  
Though I have felt as much as any one

the Manor house at Catterick.\* How long he continued there is not certain. He died

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Of the Delinquent's whip : I'm still the man  
 I was, before the Civill warrs began ;  
 Those capitall grand-bugbears had no power  
 T'affright your servant, though they might devour  
 That *small remainder* which he then possest,  
 Wherein they grew *half-sharers* at the least."

\* His possession of the manor is confirmed by several documents, and it is probable that with the family of Crofts he had been, long before his second marriage, in close or neighbourly intimacy.—The Rev. Michall Syddall, Vicar of Catterick, appointed by his will Henry Darcy, Esq., Richard Brathwait, Esq., William Thornton, Esq., and Edward Crofts, Gent., Trustees for the conducting of a Free School instituted at Catterick. In Jan. 1663—4, the surviving Trustees were only Richard Brathwait and Edward Crofts, who by Power of Attorney appointed Roger Crofts of Gray's Inn, Gentleman, to treat, determine, and agree with Mrs. Margaret Syddall, all differences and disputes betwixt them : which appear to have arisen on claims made for her son William. This difference was early compromised, but that did not long ensure a quiet execu-

at East Appleton, a small township of and adjoining to Catterick, and where his father-

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tion of the Trusts to the Trustees. It is in such cases of common interest advisable, to prevent endless litigation, that the original powers and regulations of every charity should be defined, and kept, together with an account of the funds, successive appointments, and yearly payments, properly accessible, either as a provincial register or else in some public depository for county archives. Such a measure would preserve the funds of the charities from the peculation of individuals appointed as officers therein, and undue partiality of acting Trustees. Another evil might also be prevented, now rapidly increasing ; that of inquisitive strangers, or relators as they are legally defined, who, under the shallow pretence of correcting abuses, are rapidly undermining our national religion. Who were the individuals Brathwait had to contend with is uncertain ; we only know that the Puritans of that day were as pertinacious meddlers as the Dissenters are now ; and therefore, probably, his rights and powers were sought to be wrested from him by neighbours of that description. In March 1672—3 the surviving Trustees elected Sir Christopher Wandesford, Bart., and Ma. Norton, Esq., in the room of William

in-law then resided. That event happened on the fourth day of May, 1673 ; and he was buried on the seventh of the same month in the parish church of Catterick, where a neat mural monument was erected to his memory on the north side of the chancel.

He left behind him, says Wood, “the

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Thornton and Henry Darcy, deceased, as persons qualified according to the will of the Donor, and as “succeeding them in their estates in the said parish ;” and they at the same time approved, under hand and seal, “Ralph Cottingham, Master of Arts, to be Master of the Free Schoole.” It seems doubtful if the election was admitted ; and the right of appointment was warmly resisted. Mr. Norton in a letter to Mr. Crofts, dated 12 April, 1673, remarks : “Mr. Brathwite being chiefe Lord of the Man' of Catterick I suspecte will not wauue such a flower for its charyty and peyety in the adorning and wraping vp of the garland of the rest of his royalties there, and p'myt the same to be disposed of by other of his Nighbours without his App'bation, contrary to the doner's intention, to which a just regard ought to be had.”

character of a well-bred gentleman and good neighbour ;" and there might be added, a consistent christian\* and upright man. A

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\* The ways of his youth, those transient wanderings, proved afterwards the offspring of many bitter reflections. The undue waste of the Sabbath he laments thus in the *Penitent Pilgrim* :—“ Thou needest no arguments to perswade thee that the Sabbath is morall ; being so far from making it *Evangelicall*, thou didst make it thy day to satisfie thy lusts. At best thou thoughtst thyself well employed that day, if thou bestowed it upon sight of a Wake, a Morrice dance, or the sociable frequent of an Alehouse. Yet had it beene better for thee to have *digg'd*, then have *danced* ; to have *plow'd*, then so to have *unhallow'd* this holy day the *Sabbath*. How carefull wouldest thou be of observing a profane meeting ; where God was never remembred but in Oaths ! Such merry Meetings might not be forgotten : the end whereof was to forget God and his Judgments : and if it were possible, to put farre from them the evill day. But as the fumes of drinke begot forgetfulness in the evening : so the sense of sinne begot bitternesse in the morning.”—P. 81.

description of his person has descended orally, as also of his dress, by which the trim fashion of his green years added comeliness to his grey hairs. Tradition reports him to have been in person below the common stature ; well proportioned, and one of the handsomest men of his day ; remarkable for ready wit and humour ; charitable to the poor in the extreme, so much so as to have involved himself in difficulties by it. He commonly wore a light grey coat, red waistcoat, and leather breeches. His hat was a high-crowned one, and beyond what was common in those days, when such hats were worn.\* His equals in life

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\* An opinion has been entertained that the whole-length figure introduced in the engraved title to the *English Gentleman* represents the author. The first edition in 1630 exhibits the rich dress of a courtier of that period : which in the third edition, 1641, is altered ; and the boots, spurs, sword, belt, and cloak, show the heavy serviceable habiliments worn

bestowed on him the name of *Dapper*

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in those formidable times by the warlike cavalier. He also wears in the first a very broad-brimmed hat, and in the latter a remarkable high-crowned hat; which may support the presumption, though it does not prove it was a portrait of Brathwait. The following passage, from a very uncommon tract, will show the value of that article of dress when full trimmed:—"I saw," says the author, "a complete Gentleman of late, whose Beuer-hat cost xxxvii.s. a feather xx.s. the hatband iij.li. and his ten double Ruffe iiiij.li.: thus the head and necke onely were furnished, and that but of one suite, for ix.li. xvii.s. Now taking the proportion of the brauery for the rest of the body; the cloak lined with velvet, daubed ouer with gold lace two fingers broad, the sattin doublet and hose in like sort decked, the silke stockings, with costly garters hanging downe to the small of the legge, the Spanish shooes with glittering roses, the girdell and Steletto; I leaue it to those that herein know more than I, and can speak of greater brauery than this, to cast vp the totall summe: wherein also (as an appurtanant) they may remember his Mistris suited at his charge, and cast vp both summes in one. But on the contrary, I observed but 60 years since, generally a man full as

*Dick\**, by which he was universally known.

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good or better in ability than this complete, lusty looking lad, whose hat and band cost but v.s. and his ruffe but xii.d. at the most. So you see the difference of these summes ; the one ix.li. xvii.s. the other vi.s. Then after this proportion, the whole attire of the one cost about 30 times as much as the attire of the other : forget not also that the one lasteth three times as long as the other ; subiect to change as fashions change. . . . . Of late the broad brimmed hat came sudainely in fashion, and put all other out of countenance and request ; and happy were they that could get them soonest, and be first seene in that fashion ; so that a computation being made, there is at the least 300000.li. or much more, in England onely bestowed in broad brimmed hats, within one yeare and en halfe. As for others, either Beuer or Felts, they were on the sudaine of no reckoning at all : in so much, that my selfe (still continuing one fashion) I bought a Beuer hat for v.s. which the yeare before could not be had vnder 30.s."—*The present state of England expressed in this Paradox, Our Fathers were very rich with little, and Wee poore with much. Written by Walter Cary. London, &c. 1627. 4to.*

\* In Mr. Wilson's copy it is said, "he was usually called Dagger Dick."

In disposition he was as admirable as in person; and always taking, from the gaiety of his heart, a conspicuous part in the neighbourhood in promoting the festivities of Christmas, those good times gone by long beheld him the darling of that side of the country.

By a nuncupative will Braithwait left the whole of his personal property to his youngest son "Sir Strafford Brathwait, Knight, de Catterick," which was valued as exceeding seven hundred pounds. His real estates probably passed by marriage settlement.

Two portraits of our author were published in 1638. By the one prefixed to the *Nursery for Gentry*, subscribed *Ætatis 48*, with the motto *Meliori nascimur ævo*, he appears then to have enjoyed the bloom of life and full vigour of constitution. The other is given in the engraved title to the *Psalms*, where he has a more

aged appearance ; probably adopted as the sedate christian moralist,—a character he seemed desirous uniformly to sustain in all his serious and religious pieces. In the original it forms a medallion or oval, and is rather laconically subscribed *Quanquamō*  
xl.

THE  
P R E F A C E  
TO THE  
R E A D E R.

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It will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years. Being desir'd by a *gentlewoman* to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanc'd upon DRUNKEN BARNABY, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble ; where-

upon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd as well as myself. What I can gather of the *author* is chiefly from himself; for he says, Coming to a place call'd *Harrington*, he was well pleas'd with the omen, and spent some money there for *name-sake*, so that I conclude his name was **BARNABY HARRINGTON**. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a day, and sometimes three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden) he at last arriv'd at *Appleby* in *Westmoreland*, where he was born, and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in

*Queen's College, Oxon,* is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man, no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the country, turn'd farmer, and frequented the horse-fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling them when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not, only wish the *reader* pleas'd, as I was.



## EDITOR LECTORI.

QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum legendō gaudebam, quod et tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absq; æra, absq; nomine vel authoris, vel bibliopolæ, vel typographi, aut illo alio indicio possessorem illum indicante, ergo statui mei juris esse, inq; lucem emisi. De authore quod certum est subjiciam: Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi authorem **BARNABAM HARRINGTON** fuisse

ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum Collegii Reginensis apud *Oxonenses*, quod innuit etiam authore saepius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud et tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

Hey *Barnaby* ! take't for a warning,  
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges, et perfecto judicabis. De versu, de metro, de erroribus neq; est quod addam, ipse enim autor satis ludicre

in errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit,  
quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede ?  
Quid si carmen clando pede ?  
Quid si noctem sensi diem ?  
Quid si veprem esse viam ?  
Sat est, verbum declinavi,  
“ *Titubo, titubas, titubavi.* ”

Vale et ride affatim, Lector.

**LOYAL PHEANDER**

TO HIS

**ROYAL ALEXANDER.**

THE title, noble friend, of *Ale-xander*,  
Were it nought else, implies a great *com-  
mander* :

And so you shall be still of me and mine,  
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling rhyme :  
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reel,  
Whose *head* makes such iambicks with his  
*heel*.

## UPON THE ERRATAS.

READER, think no wonder by it,  
If with town I've town supplied ;  
If my metre's backward nature  
Set before what shou'd be later :  
“ As for instance is exprest there,  
*Harrington after Godmanchester.*  
What tho' *breve's* be made *longo's* ?  
What tho' *vowels* be *diphthongo's* ?  
What tho' *graves* become *acute* too ?  
What tho' *accents* become *mute* too ?  
What tho' freely, fully, plainly,  
I've broke *Priscian's* forehead mainly ?  
What tho' seat with seat I've strained ?  
What tho' my limp verse be maimed ?  
What tho' night I've ta'en for day too ?  
What tho' I've made briars my way too ?  
Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,  
‘*Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*’”

**AD****V I A T O R E M.**

**OPPIDA** dum peragras, peragrando poe  
mata spectes,  
**Spectando titubes, Barnabe,** nomen habes.

TO THE

**T R A V E L L E R.**

**TOWNS while thou walkest  
And see'st this poetry,  
And seeing, stumblest,  
Thou art BARNABY.**

AD

## TRANSLATOREM.

PESSIMUS est cerdo, qui transtulit ordine  
calvo,

Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,  
Ast hic *translator* corii peramabilis actor,  
Qui rhythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

TO THE

## TRANSLATOR.

THAT paltry patcher is a bold translator,  
Whose *awl* bores at the *words* but not the  
*matter* :

But *this translator* makes good use of  
leather,  
By stitching *rhyme* and *reason* both to-  
gether.

## INDEX OPERIS.

*Mulciber, Uva, Venus, redolens ampulla,  
Silenus,*

*Effigiem titulis explicuere suis.*

*Sic me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor— —*

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## THE

## INDEX OF THIS WORK.

*Vulcan, Grape, Venus,  
Bottle, Silen's hook,  
Have all explained  
The title of this book.  
Thus through vast deserts,  
Promontories wild,  
Parnassus-love draws  
Bacchus' only child.*

BARNABÆ HARRINGTONI

ET NUNC ET DUDUM DECANTATI

I T I N E R A R I U M

BOREAM QUATER RETROVERSUS.

---

Pars Prima.

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*Mirtillus et Faustulus* Interlocutores.

MIRTL.

O *Faustule* ! tende palmam,  
Accipe calicem vitibus almam ;  
Tunc vinctus es dolore ?  
Uvae tinctus sis colore.  
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,  
Urge curas, rectè sapi.

THE FAMOUS  
BARNABY HARRINGTON'S  
TRAVELS TO THE NORTH,  
FOUR TIMES BACKWARD AND FORWARD.

---

Part the First.

---

*Mirtillus and Faustulus, a Dialogue.*

MIRTIL.

O LITTLE *Faustus* ! stretch thy hand out,  
Take thy liquor, do not stand out ;  
Art thou 'prest with griping dolour ?  
Let rich wine advance thy colour.  
Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,  
Drink down care, and thou'l be wiser.

O *Faustule*, dic amico  
Quo in loco, quo in vico,  
Sive campo, sive tecto,  
Sine linteo, sine lecto,  
Propinasti, queis tabernis,  
An in terris, an Avernus ?

---

## FAUSTUL.

O *Mirtille* ! baculum fixi  
Mille locis ubi vixi,  
In pistrinis, in popinis,  
In coquinis, in culinis,  
Huc, et illuc, istic, ibi,  
Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progressu boreali,  
Ut processi ab australi,  
Veni *Banbury*, O profanum !  
Ubi vidi Puritanum,

Little *Faustus*, tell thy true heart,  
In what region, coast, or new part,  
Field or fold thou hast been bousing,  
Without linen, bedding, housing ;  
In what tavern, pray thee show us,  
Here on earth, or else below us ?

---

## FAUSTUS.

O *Mirtillus* ! I will shew thee  
Thousand places since I saw thee,  
In the bakehouse I had switching,  
In the tap-house, cook-shop, kitchen ;  
This way, that way, each way shrank I,  
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my progress travelling northward,  
Taking farewell of the southward,  
To *Banbury* came I, O prophane-one !  
Where I saw a Puritane-one

Felem facientem furem,  
Quod Sabbatho stravit murem.

Veni *Oxon*, cui comes  
Est *Minerva*, fons *Platonis* ;  
Unde scatent per amene  
*Aganippe*, *Hippocrene* ;  
Totum fit *Atheniense*,  
Imo *Cornu Reginense*.

Inde *Godstow*, cum amicis,  
Vidi tumbam meretricis ;  
*Rosamundam* tegit humus,  
Pulvis et umbra corpore sumus ;  
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,  
Ordine certo sepelietur.

Inde *Woodstock*, quo spectandum  
Labyrinthum memorandum  
Ferunt ; sed spectare nolle.  
Reperi vivam hospitem mollem ;

---

Hanging of his cat on Monday,  
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

To *Oxford* came I, whose companion  
Is *Minerva*, well *Platonian* :  
From whose seat do stream most seemly,  
*Aganippe, Hippocrene* ;  
Each thing there's the *Muse's* minion,  
The Horn at Queen's speaks pure *Athenian*.

Thence to *Godstow*, with my lovers,  
Where a tomb a strumpet covers ;  
*Rosamund* lies there interr'd,  
Flesh to dust and shades compar'd ;  
Lie he above, or lie she under,  
To be bury'd is no wonder.

Thence to *Woodstock* I resorted,  
Where a labyrinth's reported ;  
No more of that, it is above me,  
I found a tender housewife that did love me ;

Gratior sociis est jocundis,  
Mille mortuis *Rosamundis*.

Veni *Barkley*, ubi natus  
Stirpe vili magistratus,  
Quem conspexi residentem,  
Stramine tectum contegentem,  
Et me vocans, “ Male agis,  
Bibe minus, ede magis.”

Veni *Daintree* cum puella,  
*Procerum* celebre duello.  
Ibi bibi in capona,  
Nota muliere bona,  
Cum qua vixi semper idem,  
Donec *creta* fregit fidem.

Veni *Leicester* ad *Campanam*,  
Ubi mentem læsi sanam ;  
Prima nocte mille modis  
Flagellarunt me custodes,

And her guests more sweetly eyeing,  
Than thousand *Rosamonds* a dying.

From thence to *Barkley*, as did beseem one,  
The may'r I saw, a wondrons mean one,  
Sitting, thatching, and bestowing  
On a wind-blown house a strawing ;  
On me call'd he, and did charm me,  
" Drink less, eat more, I do warn thee."

Thence to *Daintree* with my *jewel*,  
Famous for a *noble duel*,  
Where I drank, and took my common  
In a tap-house with my woman :  
While I had it, there I paid it,  
Till long *chalking* broke my credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leicester*,  
Where strong ale my brains did pester ;  
First night besure I was admitted  
By the watchmen I was whipped,

Pelle sparsi sunt livores  
Meos castigare mores.

Veni *Gotham*, ubi multos  
Si non omnes vidi stultos,  
Nam scrutando reperi unam  
Salientem contra lunam,  
Alteram nitidum puellam  
Offerentem porco sellam.

Veni \* *Nottingham*, tyrones  
*Sherwoodenses* sunt latrones,

\* Mortimeriados morti dos, gloria pulvis,  
Atria sunt frondes, nobilis aula seges.  
Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluenta spadonis,  
Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.

Clamat tempus, Edo, vocemque repercutit ecl  
Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit ego.

O vos heroes ! attendite fata sepulchris,  
Heroum, patriis qui rediere thoris !  
Non estis luti melioris in orbe superbis,  
Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

Black and blue like any tetter,  
Beat I was to make me better.

Thence to *Gotham*, where, sure am I,  
Though not all fools, I saw many ;  
Here a she-bull found I prancing,  
And in moon-shine nimbly dancing :  
There another wanton mad one,  
Who her hog was set astride on.

Thence to \**Nottingham*, where rovers  
Highway riders, *Sherwood* drovers,

---

\* Brave *Mortimer's* now dead, his glory dust  
His courts are clad with grass, his hall with ruin  
His stairs steep steps, his horse-troughs cisterns  
Worms his embraces, kisses ashes share.

Time cries, *I eat*, and echo answers it :  
But gone, o'er to return, is held unfit.

O heroes ! of these heroes take a view ;  
They're to their fathers gone, and so must you  
Of better clay you are not than these men,  
And they are dead, and you must follow them.

Instar *Robin Hood* et servi  
*Scarlet* et *Joannis Parvi* ;  
Passim, sparsim peculantur,  
Cellis, sylvis deprædantur.

Veni *Mansfield*, ubi noram  
Mulierculam decoram,  
Cum qua nudum feci pactum.  
Dedi ictum, egi actum,  
Sed pregnantem timens illam,  
Sprevi villam et ancillam.

Veni \* *Overbowles*, ubi † *Dani*  
Habitarunt tempore *Jani* ;  
Pater oppidanus callis  
Circumcirca clausus vallis,

---

\* Temporibus *Jani* sedes fuit ultima † *Dani*,  
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

Like old *Robin Hood*, and *Scarlet*,  
Or like *Little John* his varlet ;  
Here and there they shew them doughty,  
In cells and woods to get their booty.

Thence to *Mansfield*, where I knew one,  
That was a comely and a true one,  
With her a naked compact made I,  
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I ;  
Town and her I left both, doubtful  
Lest my love had made her fruitful.

Thence to \**Overbowles*, where †*Danus*  
Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus* ;  
Way to th' town is well dispos'd,  
All about with trenches clos'd ;

---

\* In *Janus'* time was † *Danus* seated here,  
As by their pales and trenches may appear.

Castris, claustris, et speluncis  
 Tectus cœcis, tectus juncis.  
 Sacra die eò veni,  
 Ædes sanctæ erant plenæ,  
 Quorum percitus exemplo,  
 Quia hospes erat templo,  
 Intrans vidè sacerdotem,  
*Igne fatuo* poculis notum.

Glires erant incolæ villæ,  
 Iste clamat, dormiunt illi ;  
 Ipse tamen vixit ita,  
 Si non corde, veste trita ;  
 Fortem præ se ferens gestum,  
 Fregit pedibus \* suggestum.  
 Qua occasione nacta  
 Tota grex † expurgefacta,

\* Fragmina suggesti sacrarunt fercula fes

*I*

† O cives, cives, sacris attendite rivis,  
Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

Pallisadoes hid with bushes,  
Rampires overgrown with rushes.  
On a feast-day I came thither,  
When good people flock'd together,  
Where (induc'd by host's example)  
I repair'd unto the temple,  
Where I heard the preacher gravely,  
With his red nose tipt most bravely.

Dormice-like the people seem'd,  
Though he cry'd, they sleeping dream'd ;  
For his life, tho' there was harm in't,  
Heart was less rent than his garment :  
With his feet he did so thunder,  
That the \* pulpit fell asunder.  
Which occasion having gotten  
All † awake, the pulpit broken,

---

\* The fragments of each pulpit they were pleas'd  
To sacrifice to th' ashes of their feast. *Lucret.*

† Pray you, good townsmen, sacred springs affect,  
Let not your preacher *read*, and you neglect.

Sacerdote derelicto,  
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,  
Pransum redeunt, unus horum,  
Plebem sequor non pastorem.

Veni *Clowne*, ubi vellem  
Pro liquore dare pellem,  
Ibi cerebro inani  
Vidi conjugem *Vulcani*,  
Quæ me hospitem tractat bene  
Donec restat nil crumense.

Veni *Rothram* usque *Taurum*,  
Et reliqui ibi aurum,  
Diu steti, sed in pontem  
Titubando fregi frontem,  
Quo pudore pulsus, docte  
Clam putabam ire nocte.

Veni *Doncaster*, ubi sitam  
Vidi levem et *Levitam*,

While the preacher lay sore wounded,  
With more boards than beards surrounded ;  
All to dinner, who might faster,  
So among them I left pastor.

Thence to *Clowne* I came the quicker,  
Where I'd given my skin for liquor ;  
None was there to entertain us,  
But a nogging of *Vulcanus* ;  
Who afford't me welcome plenty,  
Till my seam-rent purse was empty.

Thence to th' *Bull at Rothram* came I,  
Where my gold, if I had any,  
Left I, long I stoutly roared,  
Till on bridge I broke my forehead,  
Whence asham'd, while forehead smarted,  
I by night-time thence departed.

Thence to *Dunc'ster*, who'll believe it ?  
Both a *light-one* and a *Levite*,

Quæ vieta et vetusta,  
 Parum pulchra aut venusta,  
 Cupit tamen penetrari,  
 Pungi, pungi, osculari.

Veni \* *Aberford*, ubi notum  
 Quod aciculis emunt potum,  
 Pauperes sunt et indigentes,  
 Multum tamen sitientes ;  
 Parum habent, nec habentur  
 Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

\* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore vico hospitium suscepimus quidam acicularius, è grege præ cæteris, fama egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus interiit ; in cuius memoriam hoc inscriptum complemus epitaphium :

— O mors crudelis !  
 Quæ tuis telis  
 Artificem stravisti  
 Qui meliorem  
 Erasit pulverem  
 Quam tu de eo fecisti.

There I view'd ; too, too aged,  
Yet to love so far engaged,  
That on earth she only wished  
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Thence to \* *Aberford*, whose beginning  
Came from buying drink with pinning ;  
Poor they are, and very needy,  
Yet of liquor very greedy ;  
Had they never so much plenty,  
Belly'd make their purses empty.

---

\* At such time as we sojourn'd in this poor village, it chanc'd that a certain pinner, and of the choicest of all his flock, being choak'd with pin-dust, dy'd ; to whose memory we find this epitaph recorded :

— O cruel death !  
To rob this man of breath,  
Who, while he liv'd, in scraping of a pin,  
Made better dust than thou hast made of him.

Veni \* *Wetherb*, ubi visam  
 Clari ducis meretricem,  
 Amplexurus, porta strepit,  
 Et strependo dux me cepit ;  
 Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,  
 Et præcepitem foris pellit.

Hinc diverso cursu, sero  
 Quod audissem de *Pindero*  
*Wakefeeldensi*, gloria mundi,  
 Ubi socii sunt jucundi,  
 Mecum statui peragrare  
*Georgii* fustem visitare.

Veni *Wakefeeld* per amœnum,  
 Ubi quærens *Georgium Grenum*,

---

\* In *Corneolo Angiporiū*,  
 Sub amœniore hortu  
 Speciosa manet scorta,  
 Meretricia precans sporta.

Thence to \**Wetherb*, where an apt one  
To be *punk* unto a captain  
I embrac'd, as I had got it,  
But door creak'd, and captain smoak'd it ;  
Took me by th' ears, and so drew me,  
Till head-long down stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder  
To salute the *Wakefield Pindar* ;  
Who indeed is the world's glory,  
With his *comrades* never sorry,  
This was the cause, lest you should miss it,  
*George's Club* I meant to visit.

Strait at *Wakefield* I was seen a,  
Where I sought for *George à Green* a ;

---

\* Near *Horn Alley*, in a garden,  
A wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*  
Sojourns, one that scorns a wast-coat,  
Wooing clients with her basket.

Non inveni, sed in lignum  
Fixum reperi *Georgii* signum,  
Ubi allam bibi feram,  
Donec *Georgio* fortior eram.

Veni *Bradford*, cessi foris  
In familiam amoris,  
Amant istæ et amantur,  
Crescunt et multiplicantur,  
Spiritus instructi armis,  
Nocte colunt opera carnis.

Veni *Kighley*, ubi montes  
Mintantes, vivi fontes,  
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,  
Læti tamen sunt sodales,  
Festivantes et jucundi,  
Ac si domini essent mundi.

Veni *Giggleswick*, parum frugis  
Profert tellus clausa jugis ;

But cou'd find not such a creature,  
Yet on a sign I saw his feature ;  
Where strength of ale had so much stir'd me,  
That I grew stouter far than *Jordie*.

Thence to *Bradford*, where I enter'd,  
In family where love oft center'd :  
They love, are lov'd, and make no shew,  
Yet still grow, and do encrease too :  
Furnish'd with their sprightly weapons ;  
She-flesh feels priests are no capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are mountains,  
Steepy-threat'ning, lively fountains ;  
Rising hills, and barren vallies,  
Yet *bon-socio's* and good fellows ;  
Jovial, jocund, jolly bowlers,  
As they were the world's controulers.

Thence to *Giggleswick* most steril,  
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of peril :

Ibi \* vena prope viæ  
 Fluit, refluxit, nocte, die,  
 Neque nōrunt unde vena,  
 An à sale vel arena.

Veni *Clapham*, unus horum  
 Qui accivit voce forum,  
 Prima hora ut me visit,  
 Mihi halecem promisit ;  
 Halecem mihi, calicem ei,  
 Pignus in amoris mei.

Veni † *Ingleton*, ubi degi  
 Donec fabri caput fregi,  
 Quo peracto, in me ruunt  
 Mulieres, saxa pluunt,

---

\* E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,  
 Quæ fluit et refluxit, nil tamen æstus habet.

† Pyxis inest fano, fanum sub acumine Collis,  
 Collis ab elatis actus et actus auctus aquis.

Near to th' way as a traveller goes,  
A fresh \* spring both ebbs and flows :  
Neither know the learn'd that travel,  
What procures it, *salt or gravel.*

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nigher,  
He that was the common cryer :  
 To a breakfast of one herring  
Did invite me first appearing.  
Herring he, I drink bestow'd,  
Pledges of the love we ow'd.

Thence to † *Ingleton*, where I liv'd  
Till I brake a blacksmith's head,  
Which done, women rush'd in on me,  
Stones like hail shower'd down upon me :

---

\* Near th' bottom of this hill, close by the way,  
A fresh spring ebbs and flows all hours o' th' day.

† The poor-man's box is in the temple set,  
Church under hill, the hill by waters bet.

Queis percusus, timens lædi,  
His posteriora dedi.

Veni *Lonesdale*, ubi cernam  
Aulam factam in tabernam ;  
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,  
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ ;  
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,  
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Veni *Cowbrow*, vaccæ collem,  
Ubi hospitem tetigi mollem,  
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,  
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,  
Uti bibula titubat vates,  
Donec cecidit supra nates.

Veni *Natland*, eo ventus,  
*Eboraci* qui contemptus  
Colligit, hospitium dedit,  
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,

---

Whence astonish'd fearing harming,  
Leave I took, but gave no warning.

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where I view'd  
An hall, which like a tavern shew'd ;  
Neat gates, white walls, nought was sparing,  
Pots brimfull, no thought of careing :  
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,  
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, truth I'll tell ye,  
Mine hostess had a supple belly,  
Body plump, and count'nce chearful,  
Reeling peace (a welcome fearful)  
Like a drunken hag she stumbled,  
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, b'ing come thither,  
He who *York's* contempts did gather,  
Gave me harbour light as feather,  
We both drank and eat together,

Semipotus, sicut usi,  
Circa *May-pole* plebe lusi.

Veni *Kirkland*, veni *Kendall*,  
Omnia hausī, vulgo *spend-all*,  
Nocte, die, peramicè  
Bibi potum mistum pice.  
“Tege caput, tende manū,  
Manū caput fit insanū.”

His relictis, *Staveley* vidi,  
Ubi tota nocte bibi,  
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,  
Inter hilares vixi cœtus,  
Queis jurando sum mansurus,  
Donec *Barnabæ* redditurus.

FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.

Till half tipsy, as it chanced,  
We about the *May-pole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,  
I did that which men call *spend-all* :  
Night and day with associates many,  
I drank ale both thick and clammy.  
“ Shroud thy head boy, stretch thy hand too,  
Hand has done what head can’t stand to.”

Leaving these, to *Staveley* came I,  
Where now all night drinking am I,  
Always frolick, free from yellows,  
With a consort of good fellows ;  
Where I’ll stay, and end my journey  
Till brave *Barnaby* return a.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

IN

# BACCHI THYRSU

ET

## BARNABÆ NASUM;

EPIGRAMMA:

ALIAS,

## NASUTUM DILEMMA.

HEDERA lœta bono non est suspē  
falerno,

Thyrsus enim *Bacchi*, *Barnabæ* nasus e  
Non opus est thyrso, non frondi vi  
cupressi,

Si non thyrsus erit, *Barnabæ* nasus olet

## COROLLARIUM.

Non thyrsus, thyasus ; cyathus tibi thy  
et ursus,

Thyrsus quo redoles ursus ut intus oles.

UPON  
BACCHUS'S BUSH  
AND  
BARNABY'S NOSE;  
AN EPIGRAM:  
OR, THE  
LONG-SNOUTED DILEMMA.

Good wine no bush doth need, as I suppose,  
Let *Bacchus'* bush be *Barnaby's* rich nose.  
No bush, no garland needs of cypress green,  
*Barnaby's* nose may for a bush be seen.

COROLLARY.

No bush, no garland; pot's thy *bush* and *bear*:  
Of *bear* and *bush* thou smeltest all the year.

# BARNABÆ ITINERARIU

---

## Pars III.

---

### MIRTI.

FAUSTE (*Fastule*) rediisti,  
Narra (precor) quo venisti,  
Villos, vicos visitasti,  
Cætus, situs peragrasti,  
Certe scis ab aquilone,  
Multum mali, parvum boni.

# BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

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## Part III.

---

### MIRTIL.

YOUNG *Fauste*, happily returned ;  
Tell me, prithee, where'st sojourned ;  
What towns, villages thou'st viewed,  
What seats, sights, or states were shewed :  
Sure thou know'st the *north's* uncivil,  
Small good comes thence, but much evil.

## FAUSTUL.

Ille ego sum qui quondam,  
Crines, mores, vestes nondum  
Sunt mutatae, nam recessi,  
Calceamentis queis discessi,  
Neque pectine usus fui,  
Sic me *meis* juvat frui.  
Sed arrectis auribus audi,  
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,  
\* Pontes, fontes, montes, valles,  
Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,  
Vias, villas, vicos, vices,  
Castas, cautas, meretrices.  
Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,  
Non pauperior sum quam eram,  
Uno nec quadrante ditior,  
Lautior, lætior, nec fælicior,  
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,  
Minus sanus, magis æger.

---

\* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, fœmina, ]

## FAUSTUL.

What I was once, same I am now,  
Hair, conditions, garments too ;  
Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,  
These the same shoes I went out with :  
And for comb I ne'er us'd any,  
Lest I lost some of my money.  
But attend me, and partake it,  
What I loved, what I hated,  
\* Bridges, fountains, mountains, vallies,  
Huts, cells, hillocks, highways, shallows,  
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches,  
Chaste, choice, chary, merry wenches.  
Truth I'll tell thee, nothing surer,  
Richer am not, nor yet poorer ;  
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,  
Blither, brisker, more in season ;  
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,  
Neither healthier nor sicker.

---

\* *England*, amongst all nations, is most full  
Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wool.

Ego enim mundum totum  
 Tanti esse quanti potum  
 Semper duxi : mori mallem  
 Nobilem quam vitare allam :  
 “Sobrius similis apparer agno,  
 Ebrius *Alexandro Magno.*”  
 Leviore nam Maeandro  
 Capite capto, sum *Lysandro* :  
 Multo fortior, et illæsum  
 Puto me capturum *Rhesum* :  
 Sed ne tibi gravior essem,  
 Nunc descendam ad progressum.

Primò occurrit peregranti  
 \* Oppidum *Joannis Ganti*,  
 Sedes nota et vetusta,  
 Mendicantibus onusta,

\* Scinditur à clivo turris, bitumine murus :  
 Mœnia sic propriis sunt redditura roris.

For the world, I so far prize it,  
But for liquor I'd despise it :  
Thousand deaths I'd rather die too,  
Than old ale mine enemy too ;  
“ Sober, lamb-like do I wander,  
Drunk, I'm stout as *Alexander*. ”  
When my head feels its Mœander,  
I am stronger than *Lysander* :  
Th' Isle of *Ree*, I little fear it,  
Without wound to win and wear it :  
But lest tedious I express me,  
To my *progress* I'll address me.

First place where I first was known-a,  
Was brave *John à Gant's* old \* town-a :  
A seat antiently renowned,  
But with store of beggars crowned ;

---

\* An antient arch doth threaten a decline,  
And so must strongest piles give way to time.

*Janitorem habens qualem  
Mundus vix ostendet talem.*

*Veni Ashton, ubi vinum,  
Militem, et heroinam,  
Clarum, charum, et formosam,  
Damam, domum speciosam  
Vidi, mersi mero musam,  
Donec pes amisit usum.*

*Veni Garstang, ubi malè  
Intrans forum bestiale,  
Forte vacillando vico  
Huc et illuc cum amico,  
In juvencæ dorsum rui  
Cujus cornu læsus fui.*

*Veni Preston, ductus eram  
Ad bacchantem Banisterum,  
Ac si una stirpe nati,  
Fratres fuimus jurati :*

For a *gaoler* ripe and mellow,  
The world has not such a fellow.

Thence to *Ashton*, good as may be  
Was the wine, brave knight, bright lady ;  
All I saw was comely, specious,  
Seemly gracious, neatly precious ;  
My muse with *Bacchus* so long traded,  
When I walk'd, my legs deny'd it.

Thence to *Garstang*, pray you hark it,  
Ent'ring there a great beast-market ;  
As I jogged on the street,  
'Twas my fortune for to meet  
A young heifer, who before her  
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.

Thence to *Preston*, I was led-a,  
To brave *Banister's* to bed-a ;  
As two born and bred together,  
We were presently sworn brether :

Septem dies ibi mansi,  
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.

Veni *Euston*, ubi hospes  
Succi plena, corpore sospes,  
Crine sparso, vultu blando,  
At halitu (proh) nefando,  
Qua relicta cum ancillis,  
Me ad lectum duxit *Phillis*.

Veni *Wigan* prope cœnam,  
Ad hospitulam obscœnam ;  
Votis meis fit secunda,  
Ebria fuit et jocunda ;  
Sparsit *anus* intellectum,  
Me relichto, minxit lectum.

Veni *Newton in Salictis*,  
Ubi ludens chartis pictis  
Cum puella speciosa,  
Cujus nomen erat \* *Rosa*,

---

\* Quam *Rosa* spiravit ! sed odoribus *Aquil*  
Et rugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

Seven days were there assigned,  
Oft I supt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euston*, where mine hostess  
Feels as soft as any toast is ;  
Juicy, lusty, count'nance toothsome ;  
Braided hair, but breath most loathsome ;  
Her I left with locks of amber ;  
*Phyllis* light me to my chamber.

Thence to *Wigan* about supper,  
To an hostess, none more sluttish ;  
Buxom was she, yet to see to,  
She'd be drunk for company too ;  
Wit this beldame soon did scatter,  
And in bed distill'd her water.

Thence to *Newton in the Willows*,  
Where being boulster'd up with pillows,  
I at cards play'd with a girl,  
\* Rose by name, a dainty pearl :

\* Fresh was my Rose, till by a north wind toss'd,  
She sap, scent, verdure, and her vigour lost.

Centi-pede provocavi  
Ad amandum quam amavi.

Veni *Warrington*, profluentes  
Rivos ripas transeuntes  
Spectans, multo satius ratus  
Mergi terris quam in aquis,  
Vixi laute, bibi læte,  
Donec aquas signant metæ.

Veni *Budworth* usque *Gallum*,  
Ubi bibi fortem allam,  
Sed ebrietate captus,  
Ire lectum sum coactus ;  
Mihi mirus affuit status,  
A duobus sum portatus.

Sed amore captus grandi  
Visitandi *Thomam Gandhi*,  
*Holmi* petii *Sacellum*,  
Ubi conjugem et puellam

At centy-foot I often moved  
Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, banks o'erflowed,  
Travellers to th' town were rowed ;  
Where supposing it much better  
To be drown'd on land than water,  
Sweetly, neatly I sojourned  
Till that deluge thence returned.

Thence to th' *Cock at Budworth*, where I  
Drank strong ale as brown as berry ;  
Till at last with deep healths felled,  
To my bed I was compelled :  
I for state was bravely sorted,  
By two porters well supported.

Where no sooner understand I  
Of mine honest host *Tom Gandi*,  
To *Holm Chapel* forthwith set I,  
Maid and hostess both were pretty,

Vidi pulchras, licet sero  
 Has neglexi, mersus mero.

Hinc ad *Tauk-a-Hill* perventum,  
 Collem valde lutulentum,  
 Faber mihi bene notus  
 Mecum bibit donec potus,  
 Quo relicto, *Cythera* sponte  
 Cornua fixit *Lemnia* fronte.

*Novo-Castro Subter-linum,*  
 Mulsum propinavi vinum ;  
 Nullus ibi fit scelestus,  
 Vox clamantis in suggestis ;  
 Portas castitatis frangunt,  
 Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Veni *Stone* ad *Campanam*,  
 Vidi \* *Deliam* non *Dianam* :  
 Hic suspectam habens vitam  
 Pastor gregis, jesuitam ;

---

\* O mellea mea Delia !

But to drink took I affection,  
I forgot soon their complexion.

Thence to *Tauk-a-Hill* resort I,  
An hill sleepy, slippery, dirty :  
Smith with me being well acquainted,  
Drank with me till's brains were tainted.  
Having left me, *Venus* swore it,  
She'd shoe-horn her *Vulcan*'s forehead.

At *Newcastle Under-line-a*,  
There I trounc'd it in burnt wine-a :  
None o' th' wicked there remained,  
Weekly lectures were proclaimed :  
Chastity they roughly handle,  
While blind zeal snuffs out the candle.

Thence to th' *Bell* at *Stone strait* drew I,  
\* *Delia*, no *Diana* saw I :  
By the parson I was cited,  
Who held me for jesuited ;

---

\* O my honeysuckle *Delia* !

Me censebat, sed incertas  
Nil invenit præter chartas.

*Haywood* properans malignam,  
Nocte præparat aprugnam  
Mihi hospes ; sid quid restat ?  
Calices haurire præstat :  
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,  
Quam mutare potu cibum.

Veni *Ridgelay*, ubi faber,  
Cui liquor summus labor,  
Mecum bibit ; nocte data  
Mihi matula perforata,  
Vasis crimine detecto,  
Fit oceanus in lecto.

Veni *Bruarton*, *Claudi* domum,  
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,  
Conjugem virum verberantem,  
Et vicinum equitantem ;

In his search, the door fast locked,  
Nought but cards were in my pocket.

Thence to *Haywood* taking flight-a,  
Mine hostess give me brawn at night-a :  
But, what's that unto the matter ?  
Whiskins sorted with my nature :  
To brave *Bacchus* no gift quicker  
Than meat changed to strong liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a blacksmith  
(Liquor being all he'd take with)  
Bouzed with me ; midnight waking,  
And a looking-glass there taking,  
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,  
Which made me lie wet till morrow.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*  
Did approve us and applaud us ;  
Where I heard a woful bleating,  
A curst wife her husband beating :

Quo peracto, frontem lini  
Spuma bynes instar vini.

Inde \* *Litchfield* properabam,  
Ubi quendam invitabam  
Perobscoenum opibus plenum,  
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam ;  
Hausto vino, acta cœna,  
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni *Coleshill*, ad macellum,  
Ubi in cervisiam cellam  
Forte ruens, cella sordet,  
Uxor mulcet, ursa mordet ;  
Sed ut lanus fecit focum  
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

Veni *Meredin*, meri-die,  
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,

---

\* Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herk  
Crevit in ecclesiam vallis opima tuam.

BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

Neighbour rode for his default-a,  
While I dy'd my front with malt-a.

Thence to \* *Litchfield* went I right o  
Where I chanced to invite one,  
A curmudgeon rich, but nasty,  
To a supper on a pasty :  
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,  
What I spent the miser lended.

Thence to *Coleshill*, to a shamble,  
Like an old fox, did I ramble  
Down nasty cellar, wife inviting,  
All while cursed bear was biting :  
But the butcher having made  
The fire his bed, no more I staid.

Thence to *Meredin* did steer I,  
Where grown foot-sore, and sore weary.

---

\* Enclos'd with cliffs, trees, grass, and artichokes,  
The fruitful vale up to the temple looks.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

Hospitem in genu cepi,  
Et ulterius furtim repi ;  
Cum qua propinando mansi,  
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.

Veni *Coventry*, ubi dicunt  
Quod *Cæruleum-filum* texunt,  
Ego autem hoc ignoro,  
Nullum enim emi foro,  
Nec discrevi juxta morem,  
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.

Veni *Dunchurch* per latrones  
Ad lurcones et lenones,  
Nullum tamen timui horum,  
Nec latronem, nec liquorem ;  
Etsi dives metu satur,  
Cantet vacuus viator.

Mane *Daintry* ut venissem,  
Corculum quod reliquissem,

I repos'd, where I chuck'd *Joan-a*,  
Felt her pulse, would further gone-a :  
There we drank, and no guest cross'd us,  
Till I took host for th' hostess.

Thence to *Coventry*, where 'tis said-a  
*Coventry-blue* is only made-a ;  
This I know not, for sure am I,  
In no market bought I any :  
*Bacchus* made me such a scholar,  
Black or blue, I knew no colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where report is  
Of pimps and punks a great resort is ;  
But to me none such appeared,  
Thief nor bung-hole I ne'er feared :  
Tho' curmudgeons have fears plenty,  
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.

At *Daintry* early might you find me,  
But not the wench I left behind me :

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

Avide quærens per musæam,  
Desponsatam esse eam  
Intellexi, qua audita,  
“ Vale (dixi) *Proselyta*.”

Veni *Wedon*, ubi varii  
Omnis gentis tabellarii  
Convenissent, donec mundus  
Currit cerebro rotundus :  
“ Solvite sodales læti,  
“ Plus \* reliqui quam accepi.”

Veni *Tosseter* die Martis,  
Ubi baccalaureum artis  
*Bacchanalia* celebrantem  
Ut inveni tam constantem,  
Feci me consortem festi  
Tota nocte per honesti.

---

\* Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.

Near the school-house where I boused,  
Her I sought, but she was 'spoused,  
Which I having heard that night-a,  
" Farewell (quoth I) *Proselyta*."

Thence to *Wedon*, where I tarry'd  
In a waggon to be carried ;  
Carriers there are to be found-a,  
Who will drink till th' world turns round-a :  
" Pay, good fellows, I'll pay nought here,  
I have left \* more than I brought here."

Thence to *Tosseter* on Tuesday,  
Where an artful batchelor choos'd I  
To consort with ; we ne'er budged,  
But to *Bacchus'* revels trudged :  
All the night-long sate we at it,  
Till we both grew heavy-pated.

---

\* My queasy stomach making bold  
To give them that it could not hold.

*Veni Stratford, ubi Grenum  
Procis procam, Veneris venam,  
Nulla tamen forma jugis,  
\* Ver dor oris perit rugis ;  
Flos ut viret semel aret,  
Forma spreta procis caret.*

*Tenens cursum et decorum,  
Brickhill, ubi Junio rem  
Veni, vidi, propter mentem  
Unum octo sapientum ;  
Sonat vox ut Philomela,  
Ardet nasus ut candela.*

*Hocklahole ut accessissem,  
Cellam Scyllam incidissem,  
Antro similem Inferni,  
Aut latibulo Lavernæ :*

---

\* Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capi  
Nomine si vireo, vere tamen pero.

Thence to *Stratford*, where *Frank\* Green-a*,  
Dantiest doe that e'er was seen-a,  
*Venus* varnish, me saluted,  
But no beauty long can suit it ;  
Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,  
Beauty lost, her wooer 'vadeth.

Holding on my journey longer,  
Strait at *Brickhill*, with *Tom Younger*  
I arriv'd ; one, by this cheese-a  
Stil'd the eighth wise-man of *Greece-a*,  
Voice more sweet than *Progne's* sister,  
Like a torch his nose did glister.

To *Hocklayhole* as I approached,  
*Scylla's* barmy cell I broached,  
Dark as th' cave of *Pluto's* station,  
Or *Laverna's* habitation :

---

\* *Green* is my name, from him whom I obey,  
But tho' my name be green, my head is grey.

Ibi diu propinando,  
Sævior eram quam *Orlando*.

Veni *Dunstable*, ubi mures  
Intus reptant, extus fures,  
Sed vacandum omni metu  
Furum temulento cœtu,  
Pars ingenii mansit mulla  
Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni *Redbour*, ubi mimi  
Neq; medii, neq; primi :  
Prologus hedera redimitus  
Simiano gestu situs,  
\* Convivalem cecinit odem,  
Heus tu corrige diploidem.

## ACTOR.

\* Dapes convivio, sapore vario.

## AUCTOR.

Diplois spatio lataque medio,  
Corrige diploidem ægregie n-

Quaffing there while I could stand-o,  
Madder grew I than *Orlando*.

Thence to *Dunstable*, all about me,  
Mice within, and thieves without me :  
But no fear affrights deep drinkers,  
There I toss'd it with my skinkers :  
Not a drop of wit remained  
Which the bottle had not drained.

Thence to *Redbourn*, where were players  
None of *Roscius'* active heirs :  
Prologue crown'd with wreath of ivy,  
Jetted like an ape most lively :  
I told them sitting at the \* banquet,  
They should be canvas'd in a blanket.

## ACTOR.

\* Even as in a bau-a-quet are dish-es of sun-dry  
ta-ast,

## AUTHOR.

Even so is thy doo-blet too long i'th' wa-ast ;  
Go mend it, thou knave, go mend it.

Illinc stomacho inani  
 Petii oppidum \* *Albani*,  
 Ubi tantum fecit vinum,  
 Dirigentem ad *Londinum*  
*Manum* manu cepi mea,  
 Ac si socia esset ea.

Veni *Barnet* signo *Bursæ*,  
 Ubi convenissent ursi,  
 Propinquanti duo horum  
 Parum studiosi morum,  
 Subligacula dente petunt,  
 Quo posteriora fœtent.

Veni *Highgate*, quo prospexi  
 † Urbem perdite quam dilexi,

\* Hic *Albanus* erat, tumulum, titulumq;  
*Albion Albanum* vix parit al'ma parem.

† Tot colles *Romæ*, quot sunt spectaculæ  
 Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo  
 Ista manet *Trojæ* spectacula: 1. Busta,  
 3. Histro, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthione  
 7. Leones.

From thence with a stomach empty,  
To the town of \* *Albane* went I,  
Where with wine I was so undone,  
As the *hand* which guides to *London*.  
In my blind hand I received,  
And her more acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purse* at *Barnet* known-a,  
There the bears were come to town-a :  
Two rude hunks, 'tis truth I tell ye,  
Drawing near them, they did smell me :  
And like two mishapen wretches,  
Made me, ay me, wrong my bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed  
† City I so dearly loved,

---

\* Here *Alban* was ; his tomb, his title too ;  
" All *Albion* shew me such an *Alban* now."

† Seven hills there were in *Rome*, and so there be  
Seven sights in *New-Troy* crave our memory :  
1. Tombs, 2. *Guild-Hall* Giants, 3. Stage-plays,  
4. *Bethl'hem* Poor,  
5. Ostrich, 6. Bear-garden, 7. Lyons i'th' Tow'r.

Hic tyronibus exosum  
Hausi *Cornu tortuosum*,  
Ejus memorans salutem  
Cujus caput fit cornutum.

Veni *Holloway, Pileum rubrum*,  
In cohortem muliebrem,  
Me *Adonidem* vocant omnes  
Meretrices *Babylonis* ;  
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,  
At egentem, foris pulsant.

Veni *Islington ad Leonem*,  
Ubi spectans histrionem  
Sociatum cum choraulis,  
Dolis immiscentem sales,  
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,  
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

Ægre jam relicto rure,  
*Securem Aldermannii-bury*

And th' *Horn of Matriculation*  
Drank to th' freshmen of our nation ;  
To his memory saluted  
Whose branch'd head was last cornuted.

Thence to *Holloway, Mother Red-cap*  
In a troop of trulls I did hap ;  
Whores of *Babylon* me impaled,  
And me their *Adonis* called ;  
With me toy'd they, buss'd me, cull'd me,  
But being needy, out they pull'd me.

Thence to *Islington at Lyon*,  
Where a juggling I did 'spy one  
Nimble with his mates consorting,  
Mixing cheating with his sporting :  
Creeping into th' case of's viol,  
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left I in a fury,  
To the *Axe in Alderm'n-bury*

Primo petii, qua exosa  
Sentina, *Holburni Rosa*  
Me exceptit, ordine tali  
Appuli *Gryphem Veteris Baily* ;  
Ubi experrectus lecto,  
*Tres Ciconias* indies specto,  
Quo victurus, donec æstas  
Rure curas tollet mœstas ;  
Festus *Faustulus* et festivus,  
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.  
Ego etiam et sodales  
Nunc *Galerum Cardinalis*  
Visitantes, vi *Minervæ*  
Bibimus ad *Cornua Cervi*,  
Sed *Actæon* anxius horum,  
Luce separat uxorem.

Sub sigillo *Tubi* fumantis  
Et *Thyrsi* flammantis,  
Motu *Mulciberi* naso-flagrantis.

First arriv'd, that place slighted,  
I at the *Rose* in *Holborn* lighted :  
From the *Rose* in flaggons sail I  
To th' *Griffin* i'th' *Old Baily* :  
Where no sooner do I 'waken  
Than to *Three Cranes* I am taken ;  
Where I lodge, and am no starter -  
Till I see the summer quarter.  
Pert is *Faustulus*, and pleasing,  
Cup brim-full, and corpse in season :  
Yea, my merry mates and I too  
Oft the *Card'nal's Hat* do fly to,  
Where at *Harts-horns* we carouse it,  
As *Minerva* doth infuse it :  
But *Actæon*, sick o'th' yellows,  
Mews his wife up from good-fellows.

Under th' sign of *Pipe* still fuming,  
And the *Bush* for ever flaming ;  
*Mulciber* the motion moving,  
With nose-burning master shaming.

Officina juncta Baccho  
Juvenilem fere tobacco;  
*Uti libet, tunc signata,*  
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,  
*Uti fiet, nota certa*  
Qua delineatur charta.

*Tέλος, sine telis non typis.*

FINIS PARTIS SECUNDÆ.

A shop neighbouring near *Iacco*,  
Where *Young* vends his old *tobacco* :  
*As you like it* ; sometimes sealed,  
Which impression's since repealed :  
*As you make it* ; he will have it,  
And in chart and front engrave it :

Harmless, but no artless end  
Cloze I here unto my friend.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

## IN ERRATA

*INTER Accipitrem et Buteonem,*  
*Juxta phrasem percommunem,*  
*Spectans ista typis data,*  
*Hæc comperui errata ;*  
*Quæ si corrigas (candide lector)*  
*Plena coronet pocula nectar.*

A vertice ad calcem  
 Erratis admove falcem.  
 Errando, disco.

*JAM Venus vinis redditura venis,*  
*Jam Venus venis peritura plenis,*  
*Nam Venus venis patitur serenis,*  
*Nectare plenis.*

## UPON THE ERRATA.

BETWIXT *Hawk* and *Buzzard*, O man,  
 After th' phrase of speech so common,  
 Having seen this *Journal* at print,  
 I found these *erratas* in't ;  
 Which if you correct, kind reader,  
*Nectar* be thy muse's feeder.

From the head unto the foot,  
 Nought but *error*, look unto't.

This observation have I found most true ;  
 Erring, I learn my errors to subdue.

Now *Venus'* pure *veins* are with *wines*  
 inflamed,  
 Now *Venus'* full *veins* are by *wines* restrained,  
 For *Venus'* swoln *veins* are by *Morpheus*  
 chained,

From folly wained.

# BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

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## Pars III.

---

### MIRTIL.

Io *Faustule!* gratulantur  
Quid te amant et amantur,  
Te incolumem redditurum !  
Spreta curia, pone curam,  
Narrá vias, quas calcasti,  
Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.

# BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

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## Part III.

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### MIRTEL.

WHOUP *Faustulus* ! all draw nigh thee,  
That do love thee, or lov'd by thee,  
Joying in thy safe returning !  
Leave court care, and fruitless mourning :  
Way th'ast walked, prithee shew it,  
Where th'ast lived, what hast' viewed.

Ne *Ephesios Diana*  
Fit celebriore fama ;  
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,  
Statuam pictores pingunt ;  
Tolle metum, mitte moram,  
Fac te clarum viatorem.

## FAUSTUL.

*Mitte moram, tolle metum !*  
Quies me unquam minus lætum  
Cum *adversis* agitatum,  
Aut *secundis* tam inflatum  
Vidit, ut mutando morem  
Reddant me superbiorem.  
Aspernarer ego mundum,  
Nisi mundus me jucundum  
Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ  
Sociali tinctis siti  
Celebraret ; adi, audi,  
Et progressu meo gaude.

Not th' *Ephesian Diana*  
Is of more renowned fame-a :  
Acting wonders, all invent thee,  
Painters in their statues paint thee :  
Banish fear, remove delay man,  
Shew thyself a famous way-man.

## FAUSTUS.

*Leave delay, and be not fearful !*  
Why ! who e'er saw me less cheerful ?  
When I was by Fortune cuffed,  
Or by Fortune's smiles so puffed,  
That I shew'd myself far prouder  
Than when she more scornful shew'd her.  
For the world, I would not prize her,  
Yea, in time I should despise her,  
Had she in her no good fellow,  
That would drink till he grew mellow :  
Draw near and hear, thou shalt have all,  
Hearing, joy in this my travel.

Primo die satur vino  
Veni *Islington à Londino*,  
Iter arduum et grave,  
Sero tamen superavi,  
Acta vespertina scena  
Siccior eram quam arena.

Veni *Kingsland*, terram regis,  
Speciosam cœtu gregis,  
Equum ubi fatigantem,  
Vix ulterius spatiantem,  
Nec verberibus nec verbis,  
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Veni *Totnam-altam-crucem*,  
Quo discessi ante lucem ;  
Hospes sociis parum caret,  
Nemo *Faustulum* spectaret ;  
Pratum stratum, et cubile  
O piaculum ! fit fœnile.

First day having drank with many,  
To *Islington* from *London* came I,  
Journey long, and grievous weather,  
Yet the evening brought me thither ;  
Having ta'en my pots by th' fire,  
Summer sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingsland*, where were feeding  
Cattle, sheep, and mares for breeding ;  
As I found it, there I feared  
That my *Rosinant* was wear'd :  
When he would jog on no faster,  
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture.

Thence to *Totnam-high-cross* turning,  
I departed 'fore next morning :  
Hostess on her guests so doated,  
*Faustulus* was little noted :  
To an hay-loft I was led in,  
Boards my bed, and straw my bedding.

Ut reliqui *Crucem-altam*,  
 Lento cursu petii *Waltham*,  
 In hospitium *Oswaldi*,  
 Qui mi regiam \* *Theobaldi*,  
 Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,  
 Hausi noctem sine lecto.

Veni *Hoddesden*, stabant foris  
 Chartis pictis impostores,  
 Queis deceptis, notis causis,  
 Ante *eirenarcham pacis*  
 Eos duxi, ut me videt,  
 Laudat eos, me deridet.

Veni *Ware*, ubi belli  
 Saltus, situs, et *Amwelli*

---

\* *De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.*

O domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ !  
 An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori ?  
 Regio quo sponsi pietas dedit oscula sponsæ,  
 Et spirare Sabæ vota suprema suæ !

Having thus left *High-cross* early,  
I to *Waltham* travel'd fairly,  
To the hospital of *Oswald*,  
And that princely seat of \* *The'bald* ;  
There all night I drank old sack-a,  
With my bed upon my back-a.

Thence to *Hoddesden*, where stood watchin  
Cheats who liv'd by coney-catching :  
False cards brought me, with them play'd I  
Dear for their acquaintance pay'd I.  
'Fore a justice they appeared,  
Them he praised, me he jeered.

Thence to *Ware*, where mazy *Amwel*  
Mildly cuts the southern chanel ;

---

\* *On the King's House at Tibbals.*

This seat, this royal object of the sight,  
Shall it for ever bid the world good-night ?  
Where our preceding kings enjoy'd such bliss,  
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kiss !

Amnes lenem dantes sonum,  
Qui ditarunt *Middletonum* :  
Sunt spectati more miti,  
“O si essent *aqua vitae*.”

Veni *Wademill*, ubi ritè  
Pleno cyatho dempta siti,  
Quidam clamitant jocosè,  
Me spectantes otiose,  
Co-ementem hæc flagella,  
“ Ubi equus ? ubi sella ?”

Veni *Puckbridge*, eo ventum  
Mendicantes fere centum  
Me præcingunt ; dixi verum,  
“ Quod pauperior illis eram ;”  
Quo responso, mente una  
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Veni *Buntingford*, ad senilem  
Hospitem et juvenilem

Rivers streaming, banks resounding,  
*Middleton* with wealth abounding :  
Mightily did these delight me ;  
“ O, I wish’d them *aqua vitae*.”

Thence to *Wademill*, where I rest me  
For a pot, for I was thirsty ;  
On me cry’d they, and did hout me,  
And like beetles flock’d about me :  
“ Buy a whip, sir ! No, a ladle :  
Where’s your horse, sir ? where your saddle ? ”

Thence at *Puckbridge* I reposed,  
Hundred beggars me inclosed :  
“ Beggars,” quoth I, “ you are many,  
“ But the poorest of you am I ; ”  
They no more did me importune,  
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,  
Bed-rid host, but hostess lusty ;

Conjugem, quæ scit affari  
 Placide, lepide osculari ;  
 Area florida, frutice suavis,  
 Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni *Royston*, ibi seges,  
 Prata, sata, niveæ greges,  
 Ubi pedes pii regis ;  
 Hinc evolvens \* “ Fati deges,”  
 Mihi dixi : “ Quid te pejus,  
 Ista legens, male deges ?”

Veni *Caxton*, paupere tecto,  
 Sed pauperiore lecto :  
 Quidam habent me suspectum,  
 Esse maculis infectum  
 Pestis, unde exui vestem,  
 Vocans hospitem in testem.

\* Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,  
 Otia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

That can chat and chirp it neatly,  
And in secret kiss you sweetly ;  
Here are arbours decked gaily,  
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Thence to *Royston*, there grass groweth,  
Medes, flocks, fields, the plowman soweth ;  
Where a pious prince frequented,  
Which observing, this I vented :  
“ Since all flesh to \* fate's a debtor,  
Restless wretch, why liv'st no better ? ”

Thence to *Caxton*, I was led in  
To a poor house, poorer bedding :  
Some there were had me suspected,  
That with plague I was infected ;  
So as I stark-naked drew me,  
Calling th' hostess strait to view me.

---

\* Fields, floods, wastes, woods, deer, dogs with well-tune'd cry,  
Are sports for kings, yet kings with these must die.

Veni *Cambridge*, prope *Vitem*,  
 Ubi *Musæ* satiant sitim ;  
 Sicut muscæ circa fimum,  
 Aut scintillæ in caminum,  
 Me clauserunt juxta murum,  
 Denegantes redditurum.  
 Media-nocte siccior essem  
 Ac si nunquam ebibissem,  
 Sed pudore parum motus,  
 Hinc discessi semi-potus :  
 Luci, loci paludosí,  
 Sed *scholares* speciosi.

Veni \* *Godmanchester*, ubi  
 Ut *Ixion* captus nube,  
 Sic elusus à puella,  
 Cujus labra erant mella,  
 Lectum se adire vellet,  
 Spondet, sponsum sed febellit.

\* Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat,  
 Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muses*  
Haunt the *Vine-bush*, as there use is ;  
Like sparks up a chimney warming,  
Or flies near a dunghill swarming,  
In a ring they did inclose me,  
Vowing they would never lose me.  
'Bout midnight for drink I call, sir,  
As I had drank nothing at all, sir :  
But all this did little shame me,  
Tipsy went I, tipsy came I :  
Grounds, greens, groves are wet and homely ;  
But the scholars wondrous comely.

Thence to \* *Godmanchester*, by one  
With a cloud, as was *Ixion*,  
Was I gull'd ; she had no fellow,  
Her soft lips were moist and mellow ;  
All night vow'd she to lie by me,  
But the giglet came not nigh me.

---

\* An aged oak takes of this town survey ;  
Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.

Veni *Huntington*, ubi cella  
Facto pacto cum puella,  
Hospes me suspectum habens,  
Et in cellam tacite labens ;  
Quo audito, vertens rotam,  
Pinxi memet perægrotum.

Veni *Harrington*, bonum omen !  
Vere amans illud nomen,  
*Harringtoni* dedi *nummum*,  
Et fortunæ penè summum,  
Indigenti postulanti,  
Benedictionem danti.

Veni *Stonegatehole* nefandum,  
Ubi contigit memorandum.  
Quidam servus atturnati  
Vultu pellicis delicatæ  
Captus, intrat nemus mere.  
Ut coiret muliere.  
Mox è dumo latro repit,  
Improvisum eum cepit.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a cellar,  
With a wench was there a dweller ;  
I did bargain, but suspected  
By the host, who her affected,  
Down the stairs he hurried quickly,  
While I made me too too sickly.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it spoken !  
For name-sake I gave a token  
To a beggar that did crave it,  
And as cheerfully receive it ;  
More he need not me importune,  
For 'twas th' utmost of my fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'll tell here  
Of a story that befel there ;  
One who served an attorney,  
Ta'en with beauty in his journey,  
Seeing a coppice, hastens thither,  
Purposely to wanton with her.  
As these privately conferred,  
A rover took him unprepared,

Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,  
 Et post herum nudum misit :  
 Manibus vinctis sellæ locat,  
 Hinnit equus, servus vocat.  
 Cogitemus attornatum  
 Suspicantem hunc armatum,  
 Properantem deprædari,  
 Uti strenuè calcari :  
 Currit herus, metu teste,  
 Currit servus sine veste.

Psallens \* *Sautry*, tumulum veni,  
 Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,  
 Ubi *Rainsford* jus fecisset,  
 Et *pastorem* condidisset :  
 Vidi, ridi, et avari  
 Rogo rogos sic tractari.

\* Urna sacellani viventis imago sepulti,  
 Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.

Egregium illud *Sautry* sacrarium sacerdotis a  
 retinuit memoriam.

Search'd his portmantua, bound him faster,  
And sent him naked to his master :  
Set on's saddle with hands ty'd,  
Th' horse he neyed, man he cry'd.  
Th' attorney, when he had discerned  
One, he thought, behind him, armed  
In *white armour*, stoutly stir'd him,  
For his jade, he keenly spur'd him,  
Both run one course to catch a gudgeon,  
This nak'd, that frighted, to his lodging.

Singing along down \* *Sautry* laning,  
I saw a tomb one had been lain in ;  
And enquiring, one did tell it,  
'Twas where *Rainsford* bury'd th' prelate :  
I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,  
Greedy priests might so be fitted.

---

\* Here of the whip a covetous priest did tick ;  
Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that chapel of *Sautry*, retaining still with her that covetous priest's memory.

Veni ad *Collegium purum*,  
Cujus habent multi curam ;  
Perhumanos narrant mores  
Patres, fratres et sorores :  
Unum tenent, una tendunt,  
Omnes omnia *sacris* vendunt.  
An sint isti corde *puro*,  
Parum scie, minus curo ;  
Si sint, non sunt hypocritæ.  
Orbe melioris vitæ :  
Cellam, scholam et sacellum  
Pulchra vidi supra stellam.

Veni *Stilton*, lento more,  
Sine fronde, sine flore,  
Sine prunis, sine pomis,  
Uti senex sine comis,  
Galva tellus, sed benignum  
Monstrat viatori signum.

Veni *Wansforth-brigs*, immanem  
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum ;

To th' *Newfounded College* came I,  
Commended to the care of many ;  
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,  
Doing whatsoe'er's behoving :  
These hold and walk together wholly,  
And state their lands on uses holy.  
Whether pure these are, or are not,  
As I know not, so I care not ;  
But if they be dissembling brothers,  
Their life surpasseth many others :  
See but their cell, school, and their temple,  
You'll say the stars were their example.

Thence to *Stilton*, slowly paced,  
With no bloom nor blossom graced ;  
With no plumbs nor apples stored,  
But bald, like an old man's forehead ;  
Yet with inns so well provided,  
Guests are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a river  
And a wife will live for ever :

Amnem latum, anum lautam,  
 Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam ;  
 Portas, hortos speciosos,  
 Portus, saltus spatiuosos.

Sed sribentem digitum Dei  
 Spectans MISERERE MEI,  
 Atriis, angulis, confestim  
 Evitandi cura pestem,  
 Fugi, mori licet natus,  
 Nondum mori sum paratus.

Inde prato peramœni  
 Dormiens temulenter fœni,  
 Rivus surgit et me capit,  
 Et in flumen alte rapit ;  
*Quorsum? clamant; Nuper erro*  
*A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.*

Veni \* *Burleigh*, licet bruma,  
 Sunt fornaces sine fumo,

\* Ista domus fit dasypodis dumus.—*Statius.*

River broad, an old wife jolly,  
Comely, seemly, free from folly :  
Gates and gardens neatly gracious,  
Ports, and parks, and pastures spacious.

Seeing there, as did become me,  
**Written, LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,**  
On the portals, I departed,  
Lest I should have sorer smarted :  
Tho' from death none may be spared,  
I to die was scarce prepared.

On a hay-cock sleeping soundly,  
Th' river rose and took me roundly  
Down the current : people cry'd,  
Sleeping down the stream I hy'd :  
*Where away, quoth they ; from Greenland ?*  
*No ; from Wansforth-brigs in England.*

Thence to \* *Burleigh*, though 'twas winter,  
No fire did the chimney enter,

---

\* This house is the levaret's bush.

Promptuaria sine promo,  
 Clara porta, clausa domo ;  
 \* O camini sine foco,  
 Et culinæ sine coquo !  
 Clamans, domum ô inanem !  
 Resonabat † *Echo, famem* ;  
 Quinam habitant intra muros ?  
 Respirabat *Echo, mures* ;  
 Ditis omen, nomen habe ;  
*Echo* respondebat, *Abi*.

Veni ‡ *Stamford*, ubi bene  
 Omnis generis crumenæ.  
 Sunt venales, sed in summo  
 Sunt crumenæ sine nummo ;  
 Plures non in me reptantes,  
 Quam sunt ibi mendicantes.

\*——— Hederæque trophæa camini.

†——— Custos domus echo relictæ.

‡ Quo schola ? quo præses ? comites ? academica  
 sedes ?  
 In loculos literas transposuere suas.

Buttries without butlers guarded,  
Stately gates were double-warded ;  
Hoary \* chimneys without smoak too,  
Hungry kitchins without cook too.  
Hallowing aloud, O empty wonder !  
† *Echo* strait resounded, *hunger*.  
Who inhabits this vast brick-house ?  
*Echo* made reply, *the titmouse* :  
Ominous cell ! no drudge at home, sir ?  
*Echo* answer made, *Be gone, sir*.

Thence to ancient ‡ *Stamford* came I,  
Where are penceless purses many :  
Neatly wrought as doth become them :  
Less gold in them than is on them :  
Clawbacks more do not assail me  
Than are beggars swarming daily.

---

\* Ivy the chimney's trophy.

† *Echo*'s the keeper of a forlorn house.

‡ Where be thy masters ? fellows ? scholars ? bursters ?  
O *Stamford* ! to thy shame, they're all turn'd  
pursers.

Licet curæ premant charæ,  
 Veni in \* *Foramen Saræ* ;  
 Proca semel succi plena,  
 Lauta, læta, et serena,  
 At venusta fit vetusta,  
 Mundo gravis et onusta.  
*Saræ antrum* ut intrassem,  
 Et ampullas † gurgitassem,  
 In amore *Sara* certo,  
 Ore basia dat aperto ;  
 Sæpe sedet, quando surgit  
 Cyathum propinare urget.

Veni *Witham*, audiens illam  
 Propter lubricam anguillam  
 Vere claram nixus ramo  
 Cæpi expiscari hamo ;

\* Sileni antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum.  
 † Exiccassem.

Tho' my cares were great and many,  
To the \* *Hole of Sarah* came I,  
Once a *bona-roba*, trust me,  
Tho' now buttock-shrank and rusty ;  
But tho' nervy-oil, and fat-a,  
Her I caught by you know what-a,  
Having boldly thus adventur'd,  
And my *Sara's* socket enter'd,  
Her I sued, suited, sorted,  
Bussed, bouzed, sneezed, snorted :  
Often sate she, when she got up,  
All her phrase was, "Drink the pot np."

Thence to *Witham*, having read there,  
That the fattest eel was bred there ;  
Purposing some to entangle,  
Forth I went and took an angle ;

---

\* The drunkard's cave, for so it must be call'd,  
Where many malt-worms have been soundly maul'd.

Et ingentem capians unam,  
Præceps trahor in \* lacunam.

Veni † *Grantham* mihi gratam,  
Inclytè pyramidatam,  
Ibi pastor cum uxore  
Coeundi utens more,  
De cubiculo descendit,  
Quia *papa* ibi pendet.  
Oppidani timent clari  
*Paulo* spiram asportari,  
Scissitantes (valde mirum)  
Ubi præparent papyrus,  
Qua ‡ maturius implicetur,  
Ne portando § læderetur.

\* Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina Lethi,  
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

† Hinc canimus mirum ! non protulit insula spiram,  
Talem nec notam vidimus orbe cotem.

‡ Structura.

§ Penetretur.

Where an huge one having hooked,  
\* By her headlong was I dooked.

Thence to † *Grantham* I retired,  
Famous for a spire aspiring,  
There a pastor with his sweeting  
In a chamber closely meeting,  
In great fury out he flung there,  
'Cause a popish picture hung there :  
Here the townsmen are amated,  
That their spire should be translated  
Unto *Paul's*; and great's their labour,  
How to purchase so much paper  
To enwrap it, as is fitting,  
To secure their spire from splitting.

---

\* *Mæander's* shores to *Lethe's* shadows tend,  
Where waves, sound cares, and banks imply our  
end.

† I may compare this town, and be no lyer,  
With any shire, for whetstones and a spire.

Veni \* *Newark*, ubi vivos  
 Sperans mersos esse rivis,  
 Irrui cellam subamœnam,  
 Generosis vini plenam.  
 Donec *lictor* intrans cellam,  
 Me conduxit ad flagellum.

Veni *Tuxworth* sitam luto,  
 Ubi viatores (puto)  
 Viam viscum esse credunt,  
 Sedes syrtes ubi sedent :  
 Thyrus pendet, diu pendit,  
 Bonum vinum raro vendit.

Veni *Retford*, pisces edi,  
 Et adagio locum dedi,

\* *Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,*  
*Arces effusis vestit amœna comis.*

*Hic campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis*  
*Fœcundare solent, ubera veris habent.*

*Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis.*

*Valles trinæ et opimæ*  
*Dapes insulæ divinæ.*

Thence to \* *Newark*, flood-surrounded,  
Where I hoping most were drowned ;  
Hand to hand I straightways shored  
To a cellar richly stored :  
Till suspected for a pick-lock,  
Th' beadle led me to the whip-stock.

Thence to *Tuxworth*, in the clay there,  
Where poor travellers find such way there,  
Ways like bird-lime seem to shew them,  
Seats are syrts to such as know them ;  
Th' ivy hangs there, long has't hung there,  
Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to *Retford*, fish I fed on,  
And to th' adage I had red on :

---

\* A sandy plat a shady elm receives,  
Which cloathes those turrets with her shaken leaves.

Here all-along lies *Bever's* spacious vale,  
Near which the streams of fruitful *Trent* do fall.

Valleys there so fruitful be  
They're the wealth of Britainy.

Cæpi statim propinare,  
Ut pisciculi natare  
Discant meo corpore vivo,  
Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni *Scrubie*, Deus bone !  
Cum *pastore* et *latrone* \*  
Egi diem, fregi noctem,  
Latro me fecisset doctum :  
Ei nolle assidere,  
Ne propinquior esses peræ.

Veni *Bautree*, angiportam,  
In dumetis vidi scortam,  
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,  
Vultu lætam, et lascivam ;  
Sed infixi carni pœnam,  
Timens misere crumenam.

With carouses I did trim me,  
That my fish might swim within me  
As they had done being living  
And i'th' river nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, O my Maker !  
With a *pastor* and a *taker*  
Day I spent, I night divided,  
Thief did make me well provided :  
My poor scrip caus'd me to fear him,  
All night long I came not near him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there;  
From the bushes near the lane, there  
Rush'd a tweak in gesture flanting,  
With a leering eye, and wanton :  
But my flesh I did subdue it,  
Fearing lest my purse should rue it.

Veni \* *Doncaster*, sed *Levitam*  
 Audiens finisse vitam,  
 Sprevi *Venerem*, sprevi vinum,  
 Perdite quæ dilexi primum :  
 Nam cum *Venus* insenescit,  
 In me carnis vim compescit.  
 Nescit sitis artem modi,  
 Puteum *Roberti Hoodi*  
 Veni, et liqueste vena  
 Vincto † catino catena,  
 Tollens sitim, parcum odi,  
 Solvens obolum custodi.

Veni ‡ *Wentbridge*, ubi plagæ  
 Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,

\* Major causidico quo gratior esset amico,  
 In comitem lento tramite jungit equo :  
 Causidicus renuit, renuente, patibula, dixit,  
 Commonstrabo tibi ; *Caus.* tuque moreris ibi.

† Viventes venæ, spinæ, catinusque catenæ,  
 Sunt *Robin Hoodi* nota trophyæ sui.

‡ Rupæ cavedia struxit inedia,  
 Queis oscitanter latuit accedia.

Thence to \* *Doncaster*, where reported  
Lively *Levite* was departed :

Love I loath'd, and spritely wine too,  
Which I dearly lov'd some time too ;  
For when youthful *Venus* rageth,  
She my fleshly force asswageth.

Thirst knows neither mean nor measure,  
*Robin Hood's* well was my treasure :  
In a common † dish enchain'd,  
I my furious thirst restrained :  
And because I drank the deeper,  
I paid two farthings to the keeper.

Thence to ‡ *Wentbridg*, where vile wretches  
Hideous hags and odious witches,

---

\* That courtesie might a courresie enforce,  
The may'r would bring the lawyer to his horse :  
"Youshallnot," quoth the lawyer. *M.* "Now I swear  
I'll to the gallows go." — *L.* "I'll leave you there."  
Might not this may'r (for wit a second Pale As)  
Have nam'd the *Town-end* full as well as *Gallows* ?

† A well, thorn, dish, hung in an iron chain  
For monuments of *Robin Hood* remain.

‡ In a rock Want built her booth,  
Where no creature dwells but Sloth.

Vultu torto et anili,  
 Et conditione vili :  
 His infernæ manent sedes,  
 Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

Veni *Ferrybrig*, vietus,  
 Pede lassus, mente lætus,  
 Ut gustassem uvam vini,  
 Fructum salubrem acini :  
 Sævior factus sum quam aper,  
 Licet vini lenis sapor.

Veni \* *Pomfret*, ubi miram  
 Arcem, † *Anglis* regibus diram ;  
*Laseris* ‡ ortu celebrandam,  
 Variis gestis memorandam :

\* Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera regum,  
 Quæ lachrymas oculis exutiere meis.

† Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,  
 Hoc titulo fatum cerne S. . . . . tuum.

‡ Latius in rupem laser est sita dulcis arentem,  
 Veste nova veris floribus aucta novis.

Writhen count'rance, and mis-shapen,  
Are by some foul *bugbear* taken :  
These infernal seats inherit,  
Who contract with such a spirit.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, sore wearied,  
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered :  
I no sooner the grape tasted  
But my melancholy wasted :  
Never was wild boar more fellish,  
Tho' the wine did smally relish.

Thence to \* *Pomfret*, as long since is,  
Fatal to our † English princes ;  
For the choicest ‡ *liquorice* crowned,  
And for sundry acts renowned :

---

\* The tragick state of English kings stood here,  
Which to their urns pays tribute with a tear.

† Here stood that fatal theatre of kings,  
Which for revenge mounts up with airy wings.

‡ Here liquorice grows upon their mellow'd banks,  
Decking the spring with her delicious plants.

Nec in *Pomfret* repens certior,  
Quam pauperculus inertior.

Veni *Sherburn* ad amandum,  
Et aciculis spectandum ;  
Pastor decimas cerasorum :  
Quærit plus quam animorum :  
Certe nescio utrum mores,  
An fortunæ meliores.

Veni *Bramham*, eo ventus,  
Vidi pedites currentes ;  
Quidam auribus susurrat,  
“ Crede *Faustule*, hic præcurret,  
“ Nam probantur : qui narratur  
Pejor, melior auspicatur.

Veni *Tadcaster*, ubi pontem  
Sine flumine, prælucentem,  
Plateas fractas, et astantes  
Omni loco medicantes

A *louse* in *Pomfret* is not surer  
Than the poor thro' sloth securer.

Thence to *Sherburn*, dearly loved,  
And for pinners well approved :  
Cherry-tenths the pastor aimeth,  
More than th' souls which he reclaimeth :  
In an equipage consorting,  
Are their manners and their fortune.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither coming,  
I saw two footmen stript for running :  
One said, "the match was made to cheat 'em  
Trust me *Faustulus*, *this* will beat 'em ;  
For we've try'd 'em ;" but that courser  
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to *Tadcaster*, where stood reared  
A fair bridge ; no flood appeared :  
Broken pavements, beggars waiting,  
Nothing more than labour hating ;

Spectans, illine divagarer,  
Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni *Eboracum*, flore  
*Juventutis* eum *textore*  
Fruens, conjux statim venit,  
“*Lupum* vero *auribus* tenet ;”  
Ille clamat aperire,  
Ille negat exaudire.

Sic ingressus mihi datur,  
Cum *textori* denegatur ;  
Qui dum voce importunè  
Strepit, matulam urinæ  
Sentit ; sapienter tacet,  
Dum *Betricia* mecum jacet.

Ibi tibicen apprehensus,  
Judicatus et suspensus,  
Plaustro cōaptato furi,  
“ Ubi tibia ?” clamant pueri ;

---

But with speed I hast'ned from them,  
Lest I should be thought one of them.

Thence to *York*, fresh youth enjoying,  
With a wanton *weaver* toying :  
Husband suddenly appears too,  
“Catching the *wolf* by th’ ears too :”  
He cries, “Open, something fears him :”  
But th’ deaf *adder* never hears him.

Thus my entrance was descried,  
While the *weaver* was denied ;  
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,  
With a chamber-pot was crowned :  
Wisely silent, he ne’er grudged  
That his *Betty* with me lodged.

A piper being here committed,  
Guilty found, condemn’d, and titted ;  
As he was to *Knavesmyre* going,  
“This day,” quoth boys, “will spoil thy  
blowing.”

“ Nunquam ludes amplius billie.”

“ At nescitis,” inquit ille.

Quod contigerit memet teste,

Nam abscissa jugulo reste,

Ut in fossam furcifer vexit,

Semi-mortuus resurrexit :

Arce reducem oecludit,

Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni *Towlerton*, stadiodromi

Retinentes spem coronæ,

Ducunt equos ea die

Juxta tramitem notæ viæ ;

Sequens autem solitam venam,

Sprevi *primum* et *postremum*.

Veni *Helperby* desolatum,

Igne nuper concrematum,

Ne taberna fit intacta,

Non in cineres redacta ;

"From thy pipe th'art now departing."

"Wags," quoth the piper, "you're not certain."

All which happen'd to our wonder,  
For the halter cut asunder,  
As one of all life deprived,  
Being bury'd, he revived :  
And there lives, and plays his measure,  
Holding hanging but a pleasure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where those stagers  
Or horse-courser run for wagers :  
Near to the highway the course is,  
Where they ride and run their horses :  
But still on our journey went we,  
*First or last* did 'like content me.

Thence to *Helperby* I turned,  
Desolate and lately burned :  
Not a taphouse there but mourned,  
Being all to ashes turned ;

Quo discessi ocyor Euro,  
Restinguendi sitim cura.

Veni \* *Topcliff*, musicam vocans,  
Et decoro ordine locans,  
Ut expectant hi mercedem,  
Tacitè substraxi pedem ;  
Parum habui quod expendam,  
Linquens eos ad solvendum.

Veni † *Thyrske*, *Thyrsis* hortum,  
Ubi *Phyllis* floribus sportam  
Instruit, at nihil horum  
Nec pastorem, neque florem

\* Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,  
Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuse.

*Alias.*

Infra situm rivi saliunt sub acumine clivi,  
Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

† *Thyrsis* oves pascens per apricæ pascua vallis,  
Prima dedit Thyrasco nomina nota suo.

Sycamori gelidis Tityrus umbris  
Discumbens, Phyllidi serta paravit,  
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

Whence I swiftly did remove me,  
For thirst-sake as did behove me.

Thence to \* *Topcliff*, musick call'd I,  
In no comely posture fail'd I ;  
But when these expected wages,  
To themselves I left my pages ;  
Small being th' court'sy I could shew them,  
Th' reckoning I commended to them.

Thence to † *Thyrske*, rich *Thyrsis'* casket,  
Where fair *Phyllis* fills her basket  
With choice flowers, but these be vain things  
I esteem no flowers, nor swaiulings ;

---

\* *Topcliff* from tops of cliffs first took her name,  
And her cliff-mounted seat confirms the same :  
Where streams with curled windings overflown,  
Bestow a native beauty on the town.

† Here Thyrsis fed his lambkins on the plain ;  
So Thryske from Thyrsis took her ancient name ;  
Here Tityrus and Phyllis made them bowers,  
Of tender osiers, sweet-breath'd sycamours.

Ego euso, *Bacchum* specto  
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

Veni *Alerton*, ubi oves,  
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,  
Aliaque campi pecora  
Oppidana erant decora :  
Forum fuit jumentorum,  
Mihi autem cella forum.

Veni *Smeton*, perexosum  
*Collem* quem *pediculosum*  
Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè  
Mœchæ solent lascivire,  
Ad alendum debilem statum,  
Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni \* *Nasham*, *Dei donum*,  
In cœnobiarchæ domum ;

---

\* Littora lentiscis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,  
Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

In *Bacchus* yard, field, booth, or cottage,  
I love nought like his cold pottage.

Thence to *Alerton*, rank'd in battel,  
Sheep, kine, oxen, other cattel ;  
As I fortun'd to pass by there,  
Were the town's best beautifier ;  
Fair for beasts at that time fell there,  
But I made my fare the cellar.

Thence to *Smeton*, I assailed  
*Lousy Hill*, for so they call it ;  
Where were dainty ducks, and jant ones,  
Wenches that could play the wantons ;  
Which they practise, truth I'll tell ye,  
For relief of back and belly.

Thence to \* *Nesham*, now translated,  
Once a *Nunnery* dedicated :

---

\*Where shores yield lentisks, branches pearled gems,  
Their lamprels shells, their rocks soft mossy stems.

Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,  
 Cursu fluminis amoenam,  
 Laetam sylvis et frondosam,  
 Heræ vultu speciosam.

Veni *Darlington*, prope vicum  
 Conjugem duxi peramicam ;  
 Nuptiis celebrantur festa,  
 Nulla admittuntur mœsta ;  
 Pocula noctis dant progressum,  
 Ac si nondum nuptus essem.

Veni \* *Richmond*, sed amicos  
 Generosos et antiquos,  
 Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,  
 Cum nequissem invenire,  
 Sepelire curas ibi,  
 Tota nocte mecum bibi.

---

\* Nomen habes Mundi, nec erit sine jure, secundi,  
 Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.

Valleys smiling, bottoms pleasing,  
Streaming rivers never ceasing ;  
Deck'd with tufty woods and shady,  
Graced by a lovely lady.

Thence to *Darlington*, where I boused  
Till at last I was espoused :  
Marriage feast and all prepared,  
Not a fig for th' world I cared ;  
All night long by th' pot I tarry'd,  
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.

Thence to \* *Richmond*, heavy sentence !  
There were none of my acquaintance :  
All my noble comrades gone were,  
Of them all I found not one there ;  
But lest care should make me sicker,  
I did bury care in liquor.

---

\* From a *Rich Mound* thy appellation came,  
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.

Pœna sequi solet culpam,  
 Veni *Redmeere* ad *Subulcum*,  
 Ilia mensæ fert porcina,  
 Prisca nimis intestina,  
 Quæ ni calices abluissent,  
 Adhuc gurgite inhæsissent.

Veni *Carperbie* peravarum.  
 Cœtu frequens, victu carum ;  
 Septem solidorum cœna  
 Reddit levior crumena :  
 Nummo citius haurieris,  
 Quam liquore ebrieris.

Veni *Wenchly*, valle situm,  
 Prisca vetustate tritum,  
 Amat tamen propinare  
 Pastor cum agnellis charè,  
 Quo effascinati more,  
 Dormiunt agni cum pastore.

Veni *Middlam*, ubi arcem  
 Vidi, et bibentes sparsim

Penance chas'd that crime of mine hard,  
Thence to *Redmeere*, to a swine-herd  
Came I, where they nothing plac'd me  
But a swine's gut that was nasty ;  
Had I not then wash'd my liver,  
In my guts 't had stuck for ever.

Thence to *Caperby*, very greedy,  
Consorts frequent, victuals needy :  
After supper they so toss'd me,  
As seven shillings there it cost me :  
Soon may one of coin be soaked,  
Yet for want of liquor choaked.

Thence to *Wenchly*, valley-seated,  
For antiquity repeated :  
Sheep and shepherd, as one brother,  
Kindly drink to one another ;  
Till pot-hardy, light as feather,  
Sheep and shepherd sleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed  
Th' castle, which so stately shewed :

Bonos socios, quibus junxi,  
 Et liquorem libere sumpsi ;  
*Æneis* licet tincti nasis,  
 Fuimus custodes pacis,

Veni \* *Ayscarth*, vertice montis,  
 Valles, et amoenos fontes,  
 Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,  
 Campos, scirpos, et paludes  
 Vidi, locum vocant *Templum*,  
 Speculantibus exemplum.

Veni *Worton*, sericis cincta,  
 Sponsa ducis, ore tincta,  
 Me ad cœnam blande movet,  
 Licet me non unquam novit ;  
 Veni, vidi, visi, lusi,  
 Cornu-copiam optans duci.

---

\* Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti  
 Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

Down the stairs, 'tis truth I tell ye,  
To a knot of brave boys fell I :  
All *red noses*, no dye deeper,  
Yet none but a peace-keeper.

Thence to \* *Ayscarth*, from a mountain,  
Fruitful valleys, pleasant fountain ;  
Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,  
Fields, fens, sedgy rushes saw I ;  
Which high mount is call'd the *Temple*,  
For all prospects an example.

Thence to *Worton* ; being lighted,  
I was solemnly invited  
By a captain's wife most yewly,  
Though, I think, she never knew me :  
I came, call'd, cull'd, toy'd, trifled, kissed :  
Captain cornu-cap'd I wished.

---

\* Here breaths an arched cave of antique stature,  
Closed above with thorns, below with water.

Veni *Bainbrig*, ubi palam  
 Flumen doserit canalem,  
 Spectans, uti properarem  
 Ad *Joannem Ancillarem*,  
 Hospitem habui (verè mirum)  
 Neque foeminam, neque virum.

Veni \* *Askrig*, notum forum,  
 Valde tamen indecorum,  
 Nullum habet magistratum,  
 Oppidanum ferre statum :  
 Hic pauperrimi textores.  
 Peragrestes tenent mores.

Veni † *Hardraw*, ubi fames,  
 Cautes frugis perinanes ;  
 Nunquam vixit hic *Adonis*,  
 Ni sub thalamo *Carbonis* :

\* Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,  
 Alluit et villæ moenia juncta sue.

† Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amoenus,  
 Qui tremula mulcet voce, sopore fovet.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the river  
From its channel seems to sever :  
To *Maidenly John* I forthwith hasted,  
And his best provision tasted :  
Th' host I had (a thing not common)  
Seemed neither man nor woman.

Thence \* *Askbrig*, market noted,  
But no handsomeness about it :  
Neither magistrate nor mayor  
Ever were elected there :  
Here poor people live by knitting,  
To their trading, breeding sitting.

Thence to † *Hardraw*, where's hard hunger  
Barren *Cliffs* and *Clints* of wonder ;  
Never here *Adonis* lived,  
Unless in *Cole's* harbour hived :

---

\* A Channel strait confines a crystal spring,  
Washing the walls o' th' village neighbouring.  
A shallow rill, whose streams their current keep,  
With murmur'ring voice and pace procure sweet sleep.

Diversoria sunt obscœna,  
Fimo foeda, fumo plena.

Veni *Gastile*, ubi cellam,  
Cellam sitam ad *Sacellum*.  
Intrans, bibi *stingo* fortem,  
Habens lanium in consortem,  
Et \* pastorem parvæ gregis,  
Rudem moris, artis, legis.

Veni † *Sedbergh*, sedem quondam  
Lautam, lætam, et jucundam,  
Sed mutatur mundus totus,  
Vix in anno unus potus :  
Ibi propriæ prope lari  
Non audebam vulpinari.

\* Quota est hora, refert ! solem speculando respon-  
Ecce sacerdotes quos tua terra parit ! [det,  
Prospicies Thyrum sinuosius arte rotundum,  
Organa quo cerebri mersa fuere mei.

Inns are nasty, dusty, fusty,  
With both smoke and rubbish musty.

Thence to *Gastile*, I was drawn in  
To an alehouse near adjoining  
To a *Chapel*; I drank *stingo*  
With a *Butcher* and *Domingo*  
Th' \* *curate*, who, to my discerning,  
Was not guilty of much learning.

Thence to † *Sedbergh*, sometimes joy-all,  
Gamesome, gladsome, richly royal;  
But those jolly boys are sunken,  
Now scarce once a year one drunken:  
There I durst not well be merry,  
Far from home old foxes werry.

---

\* I ask'd him What's o-clock? he look'd at th' sun,  
But want of learning made him answer—mum.

† Here grows a bush in artful mazes round,  
Where th' active organs of my brain were drown'd.

Veni \* *Killington*, editum collem,  
 Fronde lætiore mollem,  
 Ibi tamen parum hærens,  
 Semper altiora sperans,  
 Hisce dixi longum vale,  
 Solum repetens natale.

Veni *Kendall*, ubi status  
 Præstans, prudens † magistratus,  
 Publicis festis purpuratus,  
 Ab *Elizabetha* datus ;  
 Hic me juvat habitare,  
 Propinare et amare.

\* Arboribus gelidam texens coriarius umbram,  
 Æstatem atque hyemem fronde repelle gravem.

† Nunc *Saturnius* appulit annus,  
 Major fiet aldermannus.

Thence to \* *Killington* I passed,  
Where a hill is freely grassed ;  
There I stayed not, tho' half-tired,  
Higher still my thoughts aspired :  
Taking leave of mountains many,  
To my native country came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her state is,  
Prudent too her + magistrate is ;  
In whose charter to them granted,  
Nothing but a mayor wanted :  
Here it likes me to be dwelling,  
Bousing, loving ; stories telling.

---

\* Here the retir'd tanner builds him bowers,  
Shrouds him from summer's heat, and winter's  
showers.

+ Now *Saturn's* year has drench'd down care,  
And made an alderman a may'r,

Inter *Barnabæ* errores,  
Hi mutârunt preli mores,  
“ Delirans iste sapiens *Gottam*  
“ Reddit *Cætum* propter *Cotem*.”

Vide *Grantham*.

**FINIS PARTIS TERTIÆ.**

Amongst other faults in print,  
You shall find this error in't :  
“ Did not the stage of *Gottam* strangely fail,  
“ Who for a *whetstone* render'd him a  
*whale?*”

See *Grantham*.

THE END OF THE THIRD PART.

# BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

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## Pars IV.

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### MIRTIL.

O *Faustule!* dic quo jure  
Spreta urbe, vivis rure?  
Quo tot lepidos consortes,  
Genio faustos, gurgite fortes,  
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,  
Gravi laborantes siti?

# BARNABY'S JOURNAL.

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## Part IV.

### MIRTEL.

O *Faustulus* ! takes't no pity  
For the field to leave the city ?  
Nor thy consorts, lively skinkers,  
Witty wags, and lusty drinkers ;  
Lads of life, who wash their liver,  
And are dry and thirsty ever ?

Vale dices tot amicis,  
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,  
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,  
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis ?  
Quid te movet, dic sodali,  
Urbi longum dicere vale ?

## FAUSTUL.

“ Quid me movet ?” nonne cernis  
Me tamdiu in tabernis  
Propinasse, donec mille  
Clamant, “ Ecce *Faustulus* ille,  
Qui per orbem ducens iter,  
Titulo *Ebrii* insignitur !  
Qui natali bibit more  
Ortu roseæ ab *Auroræ*  
Usque vesperam, et pudorem  
Vultus, questus et odorem  
Sprevit ! ” audi culpæ pœnam,  
Scenam *Faustuli* extremam..

Wilt thou here no longer tarry  
With these boys that love *canary*?  
Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,  
Dainty doxies, merry wenches?  
Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,  
Thus to take farewell o' th' city?

## FAUSTUL.

What is't makes me! dost' not note it,  
How I have i' th' tavern floated,  
Till a thousand seek to shame me,  
"There goes *Faustulus*," so they name me,  
"Who thro' all the world has traced,  
And with stile of *maltworm* graced!  
Who carouseth to his breeding,  
From *Aurora's* beamlins spreading  
To th' evening, and despiseth  
Favour-thrift, which each man prizeth!"  
Now hear *Faustulus's* melancholy,  
Th' closing scene of all his folly.

VALE *Banbury*, vale *Brackley*,  
Vale *Hollow-well*, vale *Hockley*,  
Vale *Daintry*, vale *Leister*,  
Vale *Chichester*, vale *Chester*,  
Vale *Nottingham*, vale *Mansfield*,  
Vale *Wetherby*, vale *Tanfield*.

Vale *Aberford*, vale *Bradford*,  
Vale *Toceter*, vale *Stratford*,  
Vale *Preston*, vale *Euxton*,  
Vale *Wigan*, vale *Newton*,  
Vale *Warrington*, vale *Budworth*,  
Vale *Kighley*, vale *Cudworth*.

Vale *Hoddesden*, vale *Totnam*,  
Vale *Giggleswick*, vale *Gottam*,  
Vale *Harrington*, vale *Stilton*,  
Vale *Huntington*, vale *Milton*,  
Vale *Royston*, vale *Puckeridge*,  
Vale *Caxston*, vale *Cambridge*.

FAREWELL *Banbury*, farewell *Brackley*,  
Farewell *Hollow-well*, farewell *Hockley*,  
Farewell *Dainty*, farewell *Leister*,  
Farewell *Chichester*, farewell *Chester*,  
Farewell *Nottingham*, farewell *Mansfield*,  
Farewell *Wetherby*, farewell *Tanfield*.

Farewell *Aberford*, farewell *Bradford*,  
Farewell *Toceter*, farewell *Stratford*,  
Farewell *Preston*, farewell *Euxton*,  
Farewell *Wigan*, farewell *Newton*,  
Farewell *Warrington*, farewell *Budworth*,  
Farewell *Kighley*, farewell *Cudworth*.

Farewell *Hoddesden*, farewell *Totnam*,  
Farewell *Giggleswick*, farewell *Gottam*,  
Farewell *Harrington*, farewell *Stilton*,  
Farewell *Huntington*, farewell *Milton*.  
Farewell *Royston*, farewell *Puckeridge*,  
Farewell *Caxton*, farewell *Cambridge*.

Vale *Ware*, vale *Wademill*,  
Vale *High-gate*, vale *Gads-hill*,  
Vale *Stamford*, vale *Sautry*,  
Vale *Scrubie*, vale *Bautry*,  
Vale *Castrum Subterlinum*,  
Ubi vates, *Venus*, vinum.

Vale *Tauk-hill*, quem conspexi,  
*Lemnia Lydia*, quam dilexi,  
Arduse viæ quas transivi,  
Et amiculæ queis cœivi,  
*Faber*, *Taber*, sociæ laetæ,  
Et convivæ vos valete.

Nunc longinquos locos odi,  
Vale fons *Roberti Hoodi*,  
Vale *Rosington*, vale *Retford*,  
Et antiqua sedes *Bedford* ;  
Vale *Dunchurch*, *Dunstable*, *Brickhill*,  
*Alban*, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Vale *Waltham*, et *Oswaldi*  
Sedes, situs *Theobaldi*,

Farewell *Ware*, farewell *Wademill*,  
Farewell *High-gate*, farewell *Gads-hill*,  
Farewell *Stamford*, farewell *Sautry*,  
Farewell *Scrubie*, farewell *Bautry*,  
Farewell *Castle Underline* too,  
Where are poets, wenches, wine too.

Farewell *Tauk-hill*, which I viewed,  
*Lemnian Lydia*, whom I sued ;  
Steepy ways by which I waded,  
And those truggs with which I traded ;  
*Faber, Taber*, pensive never,  
Farewell merry mates for ever.

Now I hate all foreign places,  
*Robin Hood's* well, and his chaces ;  
Farewell *Rosington*, farewell *Retford*,  
And thou ancient seat of *Bedford* ;  
Farewell *Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill*,  
*Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill*.

Farewell *Waltham*, seat of *Oswald*,  
That bright princely star of *The'bald* :

Vale *Godmanchester*, ubi  
 Mens elusa fuit nube ;  
 Vale *Kingsland, Islington, \* London*,  
 Quam amavi perdite quondam.

Vale *Buntingford*, ubi suaves  
 Vepres, vites, flores, aves,  
 Hospes grata et benigna,  
 Et amores præbens signa ;  
 Alio juvat spatiari,  
 Pasci, pati, recreari.

Vale *Stone, et Sacellum*,  
 Quod splendentem habet *Stellam*,  
 Vale *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridgley*,  
*Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edgley*,

---

\* —— Ista novæ mea mœnia *Trojæ*.

Nunc novæ longum valedico *Trojæ*,  
 Læta quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,  
 Vina, picturæ, *Veneris* facetæ,  
 Cuncta valete.

Sin vero conjux, famuli, sorores,  
 Liberi, suaves laribus lepores  
 Confluant, mulcent varios labores :  
 Cuncta venite.

Farewell *Godmanchester*, where I  
Was deluded by a fairy :  
Farewell *Kingsland, Islington, \* London*,  
Which I lov'd, and by it undone.

Farewell *Buntingford*, where are thrushes,  
Sweet briars, shred vines, private bushes ;  
Hostess cheerful, mildly moying,  
Giving tokens of her loving ;  
I must in another nation  
Take my fill of recreation.

Farewell precious *Stone* and *Chapel*,  
Where *Stella* shines more fresh than th' apple ;  
Farewell *Haywood, Bruerton, Ridgley,*  
*Litchfield, Coventry, Coleshill, Edgway*,

---

\* ——These be my *New Troy's* dying elegies.

Now to that *New Troy* bid adieu for ever,  
Wine, *Venus*, pictures, can allure me never,  
These are youth's darlings, age's hoary griever,  
Fare ye well ever.

Farewell for ever, see you will I never,  
Yet if wife, children, money hurry thither,  
Where we may plant and solace us together,  
Welcome for ever.

*Meredin, Wakefield, et amœni  
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.*

*Vale Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,  
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,  
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,  
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, et Oxfordth,  
Geniis et ingeniis bonis  
Satur, opibus Platonis.*

Sprevi nunc *textoris* acum,  
Vale, vale *Eboracum*,  
Alio nunc victurus more,  
Mutans mores cum \* colore ;  
Horreo, proprium colens nidum,  
Sacram violare fidem.

\* *Incessit hyems niveis capillis,  
Incessit hyems gelidis lacertis,  
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,  
Urbe relecta rustica vertes.*

*Conspicui vates repetendo cupidinis æstus.  
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut senuere, procis.*

*Meredin, Wakefield, farewell clean-a  
Medes and mares of George à Green-a.*

Farewell *Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,  
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldron, Clothram,  
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,  
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, and Oxford,*  
Richly stor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)  
With wit, wealth, worth, well of *Plato*.

Farewell *York*, I must forsake thee,  
*Weaver's shuttle* shall not take me :  
\* Hoary hairs are come upon me,  
Youthful pranks will not become me ;  
Th' bed to which I'm reconciled  
Shall be by me ne'er defiled.

---

\* Winter has now behoar'd my hairs,  
Benumb'd ~~my~~ joints and sinews too ;  
*Phyllis* for verses little cares,  
Leave city then, to th' country go.

Poets, when they have writ of love their fill,  
Grown old, are scorn'd, tho' fancy crown their quill.

Vale *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*  
*Ferrybrig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn :*  
 Vale *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*  
*Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton :*  
 Vale *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeere,*  
*Gastile, Killington, et Sedbergh.*

Armentarius jam sum factus,  
 Rure manens incoactus,  
 Suavis odor lucri tenet,  
 Parum curo unde venit,  
 Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,  
 Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

### EQUESTRIA FORA.

Veni *Malton, artem laudo,*  
 Vendens equum sine cauda,  
 Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cecum,  
 Forte si maneret mecum,  
 Probo, vendo, pretium datur,  
 Quid si statim moriatur.

Farewell *Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,*  
*Ferry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperby, Merburn;*  
Farewell *Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,*  
*Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton;*  
Farewell *Ayscarth, Carperby, Redmeer,*  
*Gastile, Killington, and Sedbergh.*

I am now become a drover,  
Country liver, country lover ;  
Smell of gain my sense benumbeth,  
Little care I whence it cometh ;  
Be't from camp, choir, cottage, carpet,  
Field, fold, cellar, forest, market.

### HORSE FAIRS.

To *Malton* come I, praising th' sale, sir,  
Of an horse without a tail, sir ;  
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,  
If I sell him, I'm well pleased ;  
Should this kephal die next morrow,  
I partake not in the sorrow.

Ad forensem *Rippon*, tendo,  
 Equi si sint cari, vendo,  
 Si minore pretio dempti,  
 Equi à me erunt empti,  
 “ Ut alacrior fiat ille,  
 “ Ilia mordicant anguillæ.”

## SEPTENTRIONALIA FORA.

Veni *Pomfret*, uberem venam,  
 \* Virgis laserpitiis plenam.

Veni *Topcliff* cum sodali,  
 Non ad vinum sed venale.

Veni *Thyrske* ubi boves  
 Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni *Allerton* lætam, latam,  
 Mercatori perquam gratam,

\* Virgulta laseris florent amœnula,  
 In hac angelica latius insula.

*Vide lib. 3, stanz. 48.*

Then to *Rippon*, I appear there  
To sell horses if they're dear there ;  
If they're cheap, I use to buy them,  
And i' th' country profit by them ;  
" Where to quicken 'em I'll tell ye,  
" I put quick eels into their belly."

## NORTHERN FAIRS.

Thence to *Pomfret*, freshly flowred,  
And with \* rods of liquorice stored.

Thence to *Topcliff* with my fellow,  
Not to bouze wine, but to sell low.

Thence to *Thyrsk*, where bullocks grazed  
Are for sale i' th' market placed.

Thence to *Allerton*, cheerful, fruitful,  
To the seller very grateful ;

---

\* Rods of liquorice sweetly smile  
In that rich angelick isle.

In utiliorem actum,  
Eligo locum pecori aptum.

Veni *Darlington*, servans leges  
In custodiendo greges.

Inde *Middlam* cursum flecto,  
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,  
Nullum renuo laborem,  
Quæstus sapiens odorem ;  
“ Nulla via modo vera,  
“ Est ad bonos mores sera.”

### TRA-MONTANA FORA.

Hisce foris nullum bonum  
Capiens, *Septentrionem*  
Ocyore peto pede,  
Ditiore frui sede :  
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,  
Lucri gratia mihi molles.

Veni *Appleby*, ubi natus,  
Primam sedem comitatus.

There to chuse a place I'm chariest,  
Where my beasts may shew the fairest.

Thence to *Darlington*, never swerving  
From our drove laws, worth observing.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming  
In a direct course of gaining ;  
I refuse no kind of labour,  
Where I smell some gainful savour :  
“ No way, be it ne'er the homeliest,  
“ Is rejected, being honest.”

#### TRA-MONTANE FAIRS.

In these fairs, if I find nothing  
Worth the staying, I'm no slow thing ;  
To the *north* frame I my passage,  
Wing'd with hope of more advantage :  
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows,  
Are by gain more soft than pillows.

Thence to native *Appleby* mount I,  
Th' ancient seat of all that county.

Illinc *Penrith* speciosam,  
Omni merce copiosam.

Illinc *Roslay*, ubi tota  
Grex à gente venit *Scota*.

Hinc per limitem obliquam ;  
Veni *Ravinglass* antiquam ;  
Illinc *Dalton* peramoenum ;  
Hinc *Oustonum* fruge plenum :  
Donec *Hauxide* specto sensim ;  
Illinc sedem *Lancastrensem*.

Veni *Garstang*, ubi nata  
Sunt armenta fronte latâ.

Hinc ad *Ingleforth* ut descendî,  
Pulchri vituli sunt emendi.

Illinc *Burton* limina peto,  
Grege lautâ, fronde læta.

Veni *Horneby*, sedem claram,  
Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;

Thence to peerless *Penrith* went I,  
Which of merchandise hath plenty.

Thence to *Roslay*, where our lot is  
To commerce with people *Scottish*.

By a passage crook'dly tending,  
Thence to *Ravinglass* I'm bending :  
Thence to *Dalton*, most delightful ;  
Thence to oaten *Ouston* fruitful ;  
Thence to *Hauxide's* marish pasture ;  
Thence to th' seat of old *Lancaster*.

Thence to *Garstang*, where are feeding  
Herds with large fronts, freely breeding.

Thence to *Ingleforth* I descended,  
Where choice bull-calfs will be vended.

Thence to *Burton's* bounders pass I,  
Fair in flocks, in pastures grassy.

Thence *Horneby*, seat renowned,  
"Thus with gain are worldlings drowned ;"

Cœca-sacra fames auri  
 Me consortem fecit tauri :  
 Sprevi *Veneris* amorem  
 "Lucrum summum dat odorem."

Veni *Lonesdale*, venientem  
 Laticem socii prepotentem  
 Haurientes, hæsitantes,  
 Fluctuantes, titubantes,  
 Allicerent, (narro verum)  
 Sed non sum qui semel eram.  
 Me ad limen trahunt Orci,  
 Uti lutum petunt porci,  
 Aut ad vomitum fertur canis,  
 Sed intentio fit inanis :  
 Oculis clausis hos consortes  
 Praeterire dedici mortis.

## MIRTEL.

Miror (*Faustule*) miror verè,  
*Bacchi* te clientem heri,

---

Secret-sacred thirst of treasure  
Makes my bullocks my best pleasure :  
Should *Love* wooe me, I'd not have her,  
“ It is gain yields sweetest savour.”

Thence to *Lonesdale*, where were at it  
Boys that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,  
Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,  
Railed, reeled, rouled, tumbled ;  
Musing I should be so 'stranged,  
I resolv'd them I was changed.  
To the sink of sin they drew me,  
Where like hogs in mire they threw me,  
Or like dogs unto their vomit,  
But their purpose I o'ercomed ;  
With shut eyes I flung in anger  
From those mates of death and danger.

## MIRTIL.

Surely (*Faustulus*) I do wonder  
How thou, who so long liv'd under

Spreto genio jucundo,  
 Mentem immersisse mundo :  
 Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,  
 Semper eris mundo civis ?

## FAUSTUL.

Errâs (*Mirtille*) si me credas  
 Nunquam *Bacchi* petere sedes ;  
*Thyrsus* vinctus erit collo,  
 " Semel in anno ridet *Apollo* ;"  
 Pellens animi dolores,  
 Mutem crines, nunquam mores.  
 Socios habeo verè gratos,  
 Oppidanus propè natos,  
 Intra, extra, circa muros,  
 Qui mordaces tollunt curas :  
 Hisce juvat sociari,  
 Et \* apricis spatiari.

\* Si per apricos spatiari locos  
 Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam  
 Anxiā curis, studiisque gravem.

*Bacchus*, where choice wits resounded,  
Should'st be thus i' th' world drowned.  
What do'st ? where liv'st ? in brief deliver.  
Wilt thou be a worldling ever ?

## FAUSTUL.

Thou err'st (*Mirtillus*) so do mo too,  
If thou think'st I never go to  
*Bacchus* temple, which I follow ;  
“ Once a year laughs wise *Apollo* ; ”  
Where I drench grief’s slight physicians,  
Hair I change, but no conditions.  
Cheerful comrades have I by me,  
Townsmen that do neighbour nigh me ;  
Within, without, where'er I rest me,  
Carking cares do ne'er molest me :  
With these I please to consort me,  
And in \* open fields to sport me.

---

\* Thus through the fields, when I have best leisure,  
Diaper'd richly, do I take my pleasure.  
To cheer my studies with a pleasing measure.

Nunc ad *Richmond*, primo flore.  
Nunc ad *Nesham* cum uxore,  
Læto cursu properamus,  
Et amamus et amamus :  
**Pollent floribus ambulacra,**  
Vera *Veris* simulachra.

Nunc ad *Ashton* invitato  
Ab amico et cognato,  
Dant hospitium abditæ cellæ,  
Radiantes orbis stellæ.  
Mensa, mera, omnia plena,  
Grata fronte et serena.

Nunc ad *Cowbrow*, ubi lætus,  
Una mente confluit cœtus,  
Nescit locus lachrymare,  
Nescit hospes osculari,  
Facit in amoris testem  
Anser vel gallina festum.

Nunc ad *Natland*, ubi florem  
Convivalem et pastorem

Now to *Richmond*, when spring's come on,  
Now to *Nesham* with my woman ;  
With free course we both approve it,  
Where we love and are beloved ;  
Here fields flower with freshest creatures,  
Representing *Flora's* features.

Now to *Ashton*, I'm invited  
By my friend and kinsman cited ;  
Secret cellars entertain me,  
Beauteous-beaming stars inflame me ;  
Meat, mirth, music, wines are there full,  
With a count'nance blith and cheerful.

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither  
Jovial boys do flock together ;  
In which place all sorrow lost is,  
Guests know how to kiss their hostess ;  
Nought but love doth border near it,  
Goose and hen will witness bear it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice beauty  
And a shepherd do salute me ;

Specto, spiro ora roses,  
 A queis *nectar* et *ambrosia* ;  
 Castitatis autem curse  
 Me intactum servant rure.

Nunc ad *Kirkland*, et de eo  
 " *Prope templo, procul DEO,*"  
 Dici potest, spectent templum,  
 Sacerdotis et exemplum,  
 Audiant tamen citius sonum  
 Tibiæ tamen concionem.

Nunc ad *Kendal*, propter \* pannum,  
 Cœtum, situm † *Aldermannum*,  
 Virgines pulchras, pias matres,  
 Et viginti quatuor fratres,  
 Verè clarum et beatum,  
 Mihi nactum, notum, natum.

\* Lanificii gloria, et industri ita præcellens  
 eo nomine sit celeberrimum.—*Camd. Brit.*  
 Pannus mihi Panis.—*Mot.*

† Nomine *Major* eas, sis minor omne sedis,  
 Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.

Lips I relish richly roseack,  
Purely *nectar* and *ambrosiack* ;  
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,  
For the country's eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it  
May that say' be verified,  
“*Far from GOD, but near the temple,*”  
Tho' their pastor gave example :  
They are such a kind of vermin,  
Pipe they'd rather hear than sermon.

Now to *Kendal*,\* for cloth-making,  
Sight, site, † Alderman awaking ;  
Beauteous damsels, modest mothers,  
And her four and twenty brothers ;  
Ever in her honour spreading,  
Where I had my native breeding.

---

\* A town so highly renown'd for her commodious clothing and industrious trading, as her name is become famous in that kind.—*Camb. Brit.*

Cloth is my bread.—*Motto.*

† Now hast thou chang'd thy title unto may'r,  
Let life, state, style, improve thy charter there.

Ubi dicam (pace *metre*)  
 Tectum mittitur è fenestra  
 Cura lucri cura foni  
 Saltant cum *Johanne Dori*  
 Sancti fratres cum poeta,  
 Laeta canunt et faceta.

Nunc ad *Stavetey*, ubi aves  
 Melos, modos cantant valives,  
 Sub arbustis et virginis  
 Molliore masco ruris?  
 Cellis, sylvia, et tabernis,  
 An feliciorem cernis?

## MIRTIL.

Esto *Faustule!* recumbe,  
 Rure tuo carmina funde;  
 Vive, vale, profice, cresce,  
*Arethusæ* alma messe;  
 Tibi *Zephyrus* sub fago  
 Dulciter afflet. *Faust.*] *Gratias ago*

Where, I'll tell you, (while none mind us)  
We threw th' house quite out at windows :  
Nought maketh them or me ought sorry,  
They dance lively with *John Dory* :  
Holy brethren with their poet  
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

Now to *Staveley* strait repair I,  
Where sweet birds do hatch, their airy  
Arbours, oziers freshly showing,  
With soft mossy rhind o'ergrowing :  
For woods, air, ALE, all excelling :  
Would'st thou have a neater dwelling ?

## MIRTEL.

Be't so, *Faustulus* ! there repose thee,  
Cheer thy country with thy poesy ;  
Live, fare well, as thou deservest,  
Rich in *Arethusa's* harvest :  
Under th' beach while shepherds rank thee,  
*Zephyrus* bless thee. *Faust.*] I do thank thee.

AD

## PHILOXENUM.

Te viatores lepidi patronum,  
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,  
Vatis et vitis roseæ corymbum,

Artis alumum.

Te tuus vates lyricis salutat  
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,  
Nec nova venti levitate nutat,  
Fidus ad aras.

TO

## P H I L O X E N U S.

THE pleasing waymates titled have their  
patron,  
Their country's glory, which they build their  
state on,  
The poet's wine-bush, which they use to  
prate on,  
Art's merry minion.

In lyrick measures doth thy bard salute thee,  
Who with a constant resolution suits thee,  
Nor can ought move me to remove me from  
thee,  
But my religion.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disert:

Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, *Iac*

Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod po  
laudes.

The oil of malt, and juice of spritely nectar,  
Have made my muse more valiant than  
*Hector.*

O'erflowing cups, whom have they not made  
learned?

Full-blown my veins are, and so well they  
may,

With brimming healths of wine drunk yes-  
terday.

If thou dost love thy flock, leave off to pot.

# BESSIE BELL:

CANTIO LATINÈ VERSA, ALTERNIS VICIBUS  
ET MODERNIS VOCIBUS DECANTANDA.

---

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

---

*Damætas.*

*Eliza-Bella.*

## I.

*Dam.*   *Bellula Bella*, mi puella,  
Tu me corde tenes,  
O si clausa simus cella  
*Mars et Lemnia Venus!*  
Tanto mi es, quanti tua res,  
Ne spectes *Bellula* mundum,  
Non locus est cui crimen obest  
In amoribus ad cœundum.

## BESSY BELL:

TO BE SUNG IN ALTERN COURSES AND  
MODERN VOICES.

---

BY CORYMBÆUS.

---

*Damætas.*

*Eliza-Bella.*

### I.

*Dam.* My bonny *Bell*, I love thee so well,  
I would thou wald scund alang hither,  
That we might here in a cellar dwell,  
And blend our bows together !  
Dear art' to me as thy geer's to thee,  
The world will never suspect us,  
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,  
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

## II.

*Bell.* Crede *Damatae*, non fuit seta  
*Ferre Cupidinis ignem,* Y 22 H 8  
*Vir verè leetus latet de peccato*  
*Cura et carmine dignum.* H 22 S 22  
*Non amo te, ne tu ames me,*  
*Nam jugo premitur gravi,*  
*Quaecunque nubit et ause cubat,*  
*Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.*

## III.

*Dam.* Virginis vita fit inimica  
*Principi, patriæ, proli,*  
*In orbe sita ne sis invita*  
*Sponsa nitidula coli.*  
*Aspice vultum numine cultum,*  
*Flore, colore jucundum,*  
*Hic locus est, nam lucus adest*  
*In amoribus ad cœundum.*

## II.

*Bell.* Trust me, *Dametas*, youth will not  
let us

Yet to be sindg'd with love's taper,  
Bonny blyth swainlin intend thy lambkin,  
To requite both thy laws and thy labour.  
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me ?  
The yoke I cannot approve it,  
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,  
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

## III.

*Dam.* To lead apes in hell, it will not do well,  
'Tis an enemy to procreation,  
In the world to tarry and never to marry,  
Would bring it soon to desolation.

See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as  
cherry,

This cover will never suspect us,  
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,  
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

## IV.

*Bel.* Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,  
 Volo, sed nolo fateri,  
 Expedit mari lenocinari,  
 At libet ista tacere.  
 Non amo te, quid tu amas me ?  
 Nam jugo premitur gravi  
 Quaecunque nubit et uno cubat,  
 Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

## V.

*Dam.* Candida *Bella*, splendida stella  
 Languida lumina cerne,  
 Emitte mella *Eliz-Bella*,  
 Lentula tædia sperne.  
 Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ  
 Jungamus ora per undam,  
 Nam locus est cui orimen abest  
 In amoribus ad cœundum.

## IV.

*Bell.* 'Las maidens must feign it, I love,  
tho' I lain it,  
I would, but I would not confess it,  
My years are consorting, and feign would be  
sporting,  
But bashfulness shames to express it.  
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me ?  
That yoke I cannot approve it,  
Then lie still with one, I'd rather have none,  
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

## V.

*Dam.* My beauteous *Bell*, whose stars do  
excel,  
See mine eyes never drys, but do wet me,  
Some comfort unbuckle, my sweet honeysuckle,  
Come away, do not stay, I entreat thee.  
Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,  
This river will never suspect us,  
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it.  
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

BESSIE BELL.

VI.

*Bel.* Perge *Damætas*, nunc pruriit æ  
Me nudam accipe solam,  
Demitt pecus si *Bellam* petas,  
Exue virginis stolam.  
Sic amo te, si tu ames me,  
Nam jugo premitur suavi,  
Quæunque nubit et uno cubat,  
Et amo, et amor, et amavi.

**FINIS.**

## VI.

*Bell.* Come on, *Damætas*, ripe age doth  
fit us,

Take aside thy nak'd bride, and enjoy her,  
So thou cull thy sweeting, let flocks fall a  
bleating,

My maids weed on thy mede I'll bestow there,  
Thus I love thee, so do thou love me,  
The yoke is so sweet, I approve it,  
To lie still with one, is better than none,  
I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

THE END.

## LUCUS CHEVINUS.

---

VIVAT Rex noster nobilis,  
Omnis in tuto sit ;  
Venatis olim flebilis  
*Chevino Luco* fit.

Cane foras ut abigat  
*Perceus* abiit ;  
Vel embrio elugeat  
Quod hodie accidit.

Comes ille *Northumbriæ*  
Votum vovit Deo,  
Ludos in sylvis *Scotiæ*  
Habere triduo.

*Kilmarie. etc. — K.L.*  
*& Chevy Chase.*

## CHEVY CHASE. ♪

---

God prosper long our noble King,  
Our lives and safeties all :  
A woeful hunting once there did  
In *Chevy-Chace* befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
Earl *Piercy* took his way,  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*  
A vow to God did make,  
His pleasure in the *Scottish* woods  
Three summers days to take ;

LUCUS CHEVINUS.

E primis *cervis Cheviæ*  
Cæsos abripere :  
*Duglasium* hæ notitiæ  
Adibant properè.

Qui ore tenuis delegat  
Se ludum perdere :  
At *Percæus* non hesitat  
Ad sylvas tendere,

Quingentis ter teliferis  
Virtutis belicæ  
Qui norunt, rebus arduis,  
Sagittas mittere.

Curritur à venatico  
Damas propellare ;  
Die Lunæ diluculo  
Ad rem accingunt se ;

The chiefest harts in *Chevy-Chace*  
To kill and bear away.

The tydings to Earl *Douglas* came  
In *Scotland* where he lay;

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,  
He would prevent his sport.  
The *English* Earl not fearing this,  
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of need,  
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly run  
To chase the fallow deer,  
On *Monday* they began to hun,  
When day-light did appear;

Centumque cervi sunt caesi  
 Ante meridiem ;  
 Tunc redeunt, libis impleti,  
 Ad venationem.

De monte sagittarii,  
 Apti militiæ,  
 Prodierunt armarii  
 Hodie a tergore.

Per sylvas celerant canes,  
 Ut cervos capiant ;  
 Ac simul montes et valles  
 Latratu resonant.

Fodinam comes adiit,  
 Ferinam visere,  
 Duglas minatus est, inquit,  
 Hic mecum affore.

And long before high noon they had  
An hundred fat bucks slain,  
Then having din'd the drovers went  
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,  
Well able to endure,  
Their back-sides all with special care,  
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods  
The nimble deer to take,  
And with their cries the hills and dales  
An echo shrill did make.

Lord *Piercy* to the quarry went,  
To view the tender deer.  
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promised  
This day to meet me here :

Congressum autem desperans,  
Mora non dabitur,  
Quo dicto, tyro elegans  
Illum alloquitur :

En ! En ! *Duglasius* emminus,  
Armis cum splendidis,  
Bis mille cum militibus  
Visui obviis ;

Cunctis de valle *Tiviae*  
Ad ripas *Tuædis* ;  
Ludos, ait, intermitte  
Arcubus habitis :

Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates  
Tollatur animus,  
Haud præsto fuit athletes  
*Gallus* vel *Scotius*

If that I thought he would not come,  
No longer would I stay.  
Then stept a brave young gentleman,  
Thus to the Earl did say :

Lo ! yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,  
His men in armour bright ;  
Full twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,  
All marching in our sight ;

All men of pleasant *Teviotdale*,  
Fast by the river *Tweed*.  
Then cease your sport, Earl *Piercy* said,  
And take your bows with speed :

And now with me my countrymen,  
Your courage forth advance ;  
For never was their champion yet  
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

Mihi equestris obvius  
Quin postulante re,  
Evocat vellem comminus  
Vi, hastis ludere.

Equisessor *Duglasius*,  
Audax ille Baro,  
Præfuit aliis omnibus  
Aurato clypeo.

Cujates, ait, ostendite  
Hic ausi pellere  
Ac, me invito, impete  
Feras occidere.

Qui primus verbum edidit  
*Percæus* nomine,  
Qui sumus (ait) non libuit  
Vobis ostendere :

That ever did on horseback come,  
But if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man  
With him to break a spear.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white steed,  
Much like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of his company,  
Whose armour shone like gold.

Shew me, said he, whose men you be,  
That hunt so boldly here ;  
That without my consent dare chase  
And kill my fallow deer.

The first that did the answer make  
Was noble *Piercy* he,  
Who said, We list not to declare,  
Or shew whose men we be ;

At sanguinem absumemus  
Cervos distruere ;  
Juravit tunc *Duglasius*,  
Dixitque temerè ;

E nobis periet unus  
Antequem devincar,  
Au Comes es bene notus  
Egoque tui par.

At (siqua fides) est scelus  
Miserum deperdere  
Ullos de his insontibus,  
Immunes scelere.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,  
Viris absentibus.  
Dispereat, inquit *Percæus*,  
Huic adversarius.

Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
The chiefest harts to slay.

Then *Douglas* swore a solemn oath,  
And thus in rage did say :

Before I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die :  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord *Piercy*, so am I.

But trust me *Piercy*, I think it were  
A great offence to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done none ill ;

Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside.  
Accurst be he, Lord *Piercy* said,  
By whom this is deny'd.

LUCUS CHEVINUS.

Tunc armiger exiluit  
*Witherington* nomine,  
Regem, ait, scire noluit  
Hoc præ dedecore ;

Quod dux pugnaverat, pedes,  
Me stante obiter,  
Vos duo estis comites,  
Ast ego armiger ;

Obnixè omne faciam,  
Dum stare dabitur,  
Ac dum vibrare machæram  
A me pugnabitur.

*Anglicani* tendunt arcus,  
Quam cordatissimè ;  
Decies sex a missilibus  
Cæduntur Scotici.

Then stept a gallant squire forth,  
*Witherington* was his name,  
Who said, I would not have it told  
To *Henry* our King for shame,

That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
And I stood looking on :  
You are two Earls, said *Witherington*,  
And I a Squire alone ;

I'll do the best, that do I may,  
Whilst I have power to stand ;  
Whilst I have power to wield my sword  
I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our *English* archers bent their bow  
Their hearts were good and true ;  
At the first flight of arrows sent,  
Full threescore Scots they slew.

LUCUS CHEVINUS.

Adversus feras sectantes  
Missit *Duglasius*  
Torvum ducem dimicantes,  
Fractis hostilibus.

Incincti sunt celeriter  
Parum pigritiae,  
Multusque jacet belliger  
Inanis animae.

Pol ! dolor erat visere  
Ac etiam audire,  
Viros plangentes undique  
Perfusos sanguine.

Comites tandem cohibent  
Multo magnanimè ;  
Instar leones feribant  
Truci certamine.

To drive the deer with hound and horn  
Earl *Douglas* had the bent.  
The captains, moved with muckle pride,  
Their spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side,  
No slackness there was found ;  
And many a gallant gentleman  
Lay gasping on the ground.

Oh, Christ ! it was a grief to see,  
And likewise for to hear,  
The groans of men lying in their gore,  
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two great Earls did meet,  
Like captains of great might,  
Like lions wood, they laid on loads,  
And made a cruel fight ;

LUCUS CHEVINUS.

Pugnârunt vel intundere  
Districtis ensibus,  
Ac maduerunt cruore  
Æqué ac imbribus.

Ut dedas,                            *sius,*  
Te d  
Ubi eris, *r.*  
A Rege,

Pro gratis redimam captum  
Et celebrabo te  
Equitem quam magnificum  
Et sine compare.

Cui *Percaeus* ait, minime,  
Quod offers respuo ;  
Nolle unquam me dedere  
Viventi *Scotico* ;

They fought until they both did sweat,  
With swords of temper'd steel,  
Until the blood, like drops of rain,  
They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Earl *Piercy*, *Douglas* said ;  
In faith I will thee bring,  
Where thou shalt high advanced be  
By *James* our *Scottish* King :

Thy ransom I will freely give,  
And thus report of thee,  
Thou art the most courageous knight  
That ever I did see.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Piercy* then,  
Thy proffer I do scorn ;  
I will not yield to any *Scot*  
That ever yet was born.

LUCUS CHEVINUS.

Tunc est emissus calamus  
Ab arcu *Anglico*,  
Quo fixus est *Duglasius*,  
Heu, tenus cerculo.

Qui verba hæc emurmurat,  
Viri contendite ;  
Quid ni mors mea propinquat  
Spectante Comite.

Tum *Percæus* exanimi,  
Manum ut prenderet,  
Dicit, causâ *Duglasii*  
Se terras perdere.

Vel cor, ait, fundit sanguinem  
Præ tui gratiâ,  
Nam nunquam talem equitem  
Removit noxia.

With that there came an arrow keen,  
Out of an *English* bow,  
Which struck Earl *Douglas* to the heart,  
A deep and deadly blow :

Who never spoke more words these,  
Fight on, my merry men all ;  
For why, my life is at an end,  
Lord *Piercy* sees my fall !

Then leaving life, Earl *Piercy* took  
The dead man by the hand,  
And said, Earl *Douglas*, for thy life  
Would I had lost my land :

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed  
With sorrow for thy sake ;  
For sure a more renowned knight  
Mischance did never take.

*Miles decernens Scoticus  
Duglasium emori,  
In Percæum mortem ejus  
Devovit ulcisci,*

*Hugo de Monte Gomerè,  
Hastâ cum splendidâ,  
Movit decursu celeri  
Ferox per agmina ;*

*Præteriens sagittarios  
Anglos impavidè  
Percæios ventriculos  
Foravit cuspide ;*

*Tantâ cum violentiâ  
Fodit corpuscula  
Plus tres pedes per illia  
Transivit hastulâ.*

A knight amongst the *Scots* there was,  
Who saw Earl *Douglas* die,  
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
Upon the Lord *Piercy* ;

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,  
Who with a spear most bright,  
Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
Rode fiercely thro' the fight,

And pass'd the *English* archers all,  
Without all dread or fear ;  
And through Earl *Piercy's* body then  
He thrust his hateful spear ;

With such a vehement force and might  
He did his body gore,  
The spear went thro' the other side  
A full cloth-yard and more :

Sic ceciderunt comites,  
Quam invictissimè,  
Quum sagittario subit res  
*Percœum* occidi.

Arcum intentum dexterâ  
Factum insigniter  
Tres pedes longâ spiculâ  
Implevit fortiter :

*Hugonem Gomeri* versus  
Sic telum statuit,  
Vel anserinus calamus  
In corde maduit.

Ad vesperam ab aurorâ  
Duravit prælium :  
Octavâ scilicet horâ  
Vix est præteritum.

So thus did both these nobles die,  
Whose courage none could stain.  
An *English* archer then perceiv'd  
The noble Earl was slain ;

He had a bow bent in his hand,  
Made of a trusty tree ;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
Unto the head drew he ;

Against Sir *Hugh Montgomery*  
So right the shaft he set :  
The grey goose wing that was thereon  
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day,  
Till setting of the sun ;  
For when they rung the evening bell,  
The battle scarce was done.

*Cum Percasio est peremptus  
 Dominus de Egerton,  
 Joannes Ratcliffe, Robertus  
 Et Jacobus baron,*

*Jacobus et Georgius,  
 Equestris ordinis,  
 Radulphus Raby dominus  
 Periit magnanimis.*

*Pro Witherington sit gemitus  
 Ac si in tristibus,  
 Qui pugnavit de genibus  
 Truncatis cruribus.*

*Perierunt cum Duglasio  
 Hugo Gomericus,  
 Carolus Currel à campo  
 Nunquam dicesurus :*

With brave Earl *Piercy* there were slain,  
Sir *John of Egerton*,  
Sir *Robert Ratcliff* and Sir *John*,  
Sir *James* that bold baron ;

And with Sir *George* and stout Sir *James*,  
Both knights of good account,  
Good Sir *Ralph Rabbin* there was slain,  
Whose prowess did surmount.

For *Witherington* needs must I wail,  
As one in doleful dumps :  
For when his legs were smitten off,  
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl *Douglas* there were slain,  
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,  
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the field  
One foot would never flee ;

De *Ratcliffe Murrel Carolus*  
 Nepos à sorore ;  
*David Lamb* bene habitus  
 Exangui corpore.

Ac etiam *Markwell dominus*  
 Deditus est neci :  
 Vix è duobus millibus  
 Fugerunt sex deni.

E ter quingenis *Anglicis*  
 Non sex deni abiere ;  
 In *Luco* cæsis cæteris  
 Sub fagi tegmine.

A plurimis cras viduis  
 Lugetur miserè :  
 Vulnera lota lachrymis  
 Nec prevaluere.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,  
His sister's son was he ;  
Sir *David Lamb*, so esteem'd,  
They saved could not be.

And the Lord *Maxwell* in likewise  
Did with Earl *Douglas* die.  
Of twenty hundred *Scottish* spears,  
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred *Englishmen*  
Went home but fifty-three :  
The rest were slain in *Chevy Chase*,  
Under the green-wood-tree.

Next day did many widows come,  
Their husbands to bewail :  
They wash'd their wounds in briny tears,  
Yet all would not prevail.

Cruentata corpuscula  
Secum abstulere :  
Millies dederunt oscula  
Defunctis funere.

Fertur apud *Edinburgham*,  
Regnante *Jacobo* :  
*Duglasium* subitò cæsum  
Fuisse jaculo :

O lamentabile, dixit,  
*Scotia* sit testis,  
Haud alias dux superfuit  
Æqualis ordinis.

*Henrico* tradibat fama,  
Pari intervallo,  
*Percæium* de *Northumbricâ*  
Occisum in *Luco* :

Quum Rex edixit, valeat ;  
Rebus sic stantibus.



Their bodies, bath'd in purple gore,  
With them they bore away,  
And kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to *Edinburgh*,  
Where *Scotland's* King did reign,  
That brave Earl *Douglas* suddenly  
Was with an arrow slain.

Oh, heavy news ! King *James* did say,  
*Scotland* can witness be,  
I have not any captain more  
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King *Henry* came,  
Within as little space,  
That *Piercy of Northumberland*  
Was slain in *Chevy Chace*.

Now God be with him, said our King,  
Sith 'twill no better be ;

Spero quod regnum abundat  
*Quingenis talibus.*

Ast sentient me ulciscentem  
*Scoti et Scotia,*  
 Ac vindictam inferentem  
*Percæi gratiâ.*

Quod est a Rege præstitum  
*Cæsis in montibus*  
*Quinquies denis militum*  
*Nec non baronibus.*

Ac de plebe perierunt  
*Centum perplurimi*  
*Venatum sic finierunt*  
*Percæi domini.*

Sic rex et grex beatulus  
*Pace et copiâ :*  
 Ac absit à magnatibus  
*Malevolentia.*

FINIS.

I trust I have, within my realm,  
Five hundred good as he ;

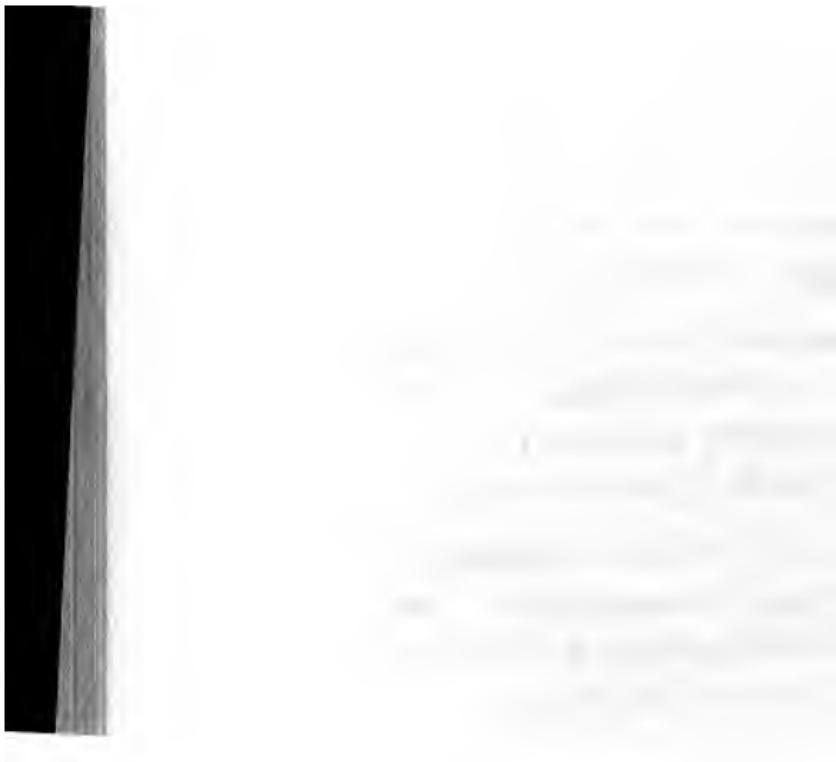
Yet shall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* say  
But I will vengeance take,  
I'll be revenged on them all,  
For brave Earl *Piercy's* sake.

This vow the King full well perform'd,  
After at *Humble-Down*,  
In one day fifty knights were slain,  
With lords of great renown ;

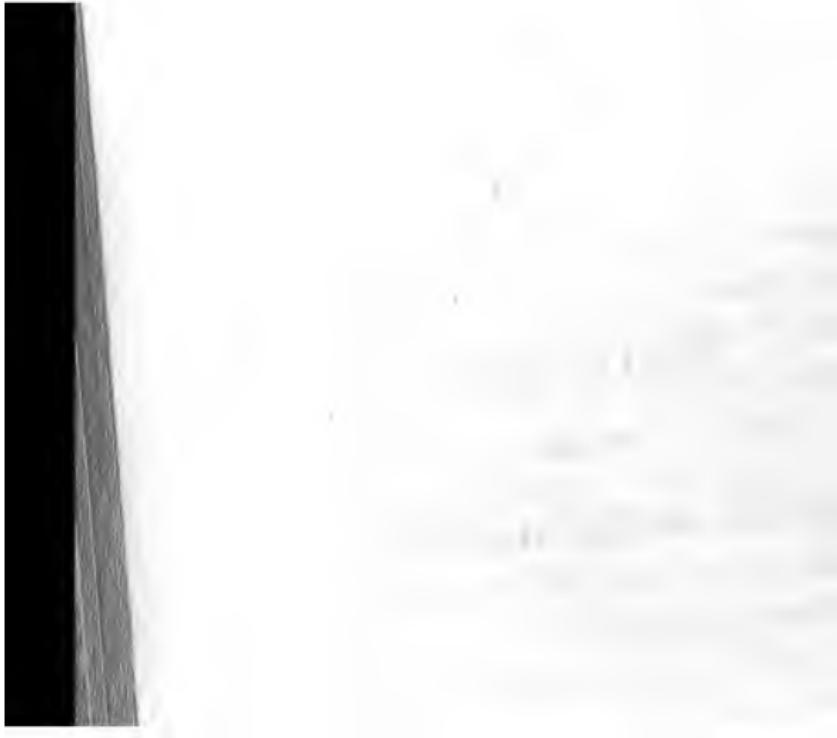
And of the rest of small account,  
Did many thousands die ;  
Thus endeth the hunting of *Chevy Chace*,  
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

God save the King, and bless this land,  
In plenty, joy, and peace ;  
And grant henceforth, that foul debate  
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

THE END.



**N O T E S**  
ON THE  
**I T I N E R A R Y.**



## NOTES ON THE ITINERARY.

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BEFORE we proceed to supply any illustrative or explanatory notes upon the text of Barnabee's Journal, it may not be unacceptable to give a contemporary character of our hero, and, as it is material to the history of the work, to make some observations as to the probable origin of the Title, and also of the time at which the whole was written and printed.

The first part of this inquiry will be confined to the popular character of

### TIPPLING BARNABY.

Drunkenness is a passion that in every age has been too commonly tolerated, although part of its seductive characteristics are uniform: that of unnerving the strong-

est, idiotizing the wisest, and rousing brutal ferocity in the ignorant. But this mental destroyer, of resistless sway, had, and probably continues to have, its peculiar or gradatory followers.

In the early days of our Author the pipe and the pot were fashionable pursuits ; the novelty of the first served to increase the influence of the latter, and a "brown dozen" of votaries to drinking has been delineated by a contemporary writer, as each possessing a particular bias and fixed character. Barnaby was one of these, and intended to exhibit a jovial tippler although only a "maudlin drunkard." Such a one as the precise water-drinker must fancy is never actually sober, and yet at the close of a hard bout, the reason not being totally eclipsed, is never supposed actually drunk. Thus from an extremely rare tract\* is obtained an outline of our bibacious Itinerant.

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\* *A Brown Dozen of Drunkards (ali-ass Drinkards) whipt, and shipt to the Isle of Gulls: For their*

*"Of Drunken Barnabee.* With whom  
to make a short dispatch, and to trusse up

*abusing of Mr. Malt the bearded son, and Barley-  
broth, the brainlesse daughter of Sir John Barley-corn.*

*All joco-seriously* { *Wine-drunk*  
*descanted to our* { *Wrath-drunk*  
*Zeale-drunk* } *staggering Times.*

*By one that hath drunk at St. Patrick's Well.*  
[Woodcut.] London: Printed by Robert Austin at  
Adlin-hill, 1648. 4to. 12 leaves. A page of verses is  
prefixed as "the author's friend to every sober and  
solid reader."

The names of the brown dozen, or, as now pro-  
verbialized, baker's dozen (thirteen), are

1. *Drunken Wimble-tree, ali-ass Reeler.*—Rolls like  
a wheel barrow, and "an emblem of our perniz'd  
times, as good as any in Catz, Quarles, Whitney, or  
Withers."

2. *Drink-hard Helluoh.*—"No flincher, he will stand  
to it more than any tinker."

3. *Of Drunken Barnabee.*

4. *One drunken Tom Trouble-towne, or Troublesome.*  
—A wonderful linguist, "a blustering blarant blade  
he is, who cannot be content to be drunk in silence."

5. *Drunken Agōnethes.*—The master of the Revels  
called M. Controller, "is wonderful punctual, for  
discipline is observ'd more strictly in his taphouses  
than in some temples."

6. *Drunken Dick the Gull-Gallant.*—This be a true  
Trojan and a mad merry grig though no Greek:  
"consorts himself usually with Coridons and Cob-  
lers, Hake-hells and Raveners, Oastlers and Tapsters,  
Raggramusters and Tatergallians, Tipplers and Tin-

his humor in a paper halter, because we have dwelt too long upon Helluoh, this

kers, he feeds these spaniels which fawne upon him with good lappings from the tap."

7. *Drunken Laurence, ali-ass Lusty-guts*.—“When he puts off his considering cap and puts on his berly cap as he begins to be a friend to Bacchus and Ceres, he shewes himself no foe to Venus.—This late Lusty Laurence that Lancashire lad, who had 17 bastards in one year, if we believe his ballad, after his ale-mash and hot provender is a stallion that neighs after every female filly.”

8. *Drunken Don Quixot, ali-ass Wittypoll*.—Of a sudden by the fumes of Bacchus a mushrump poet, never so good a poetaster as when a pot-taster. “His pen pricks sharper than a porcupine’s, his ink is as strong as his drink, it pierceth into a man’s brains in jerking Iambicks and prickling Satyres sharper than the bristles of a hedge-hogg, it were able to make another Hipponax go hang himself.”

9. *Drunken Spermologus*.—A word-minter, a Coriatized Odcomb.

10. *Drunken Philautus*.—Drunk with selfe-conceit as well as wine. “No sooner a note above Ela in his maultified Mentall musick, but then especially he conceits all his geese to be swans, his capons cocks, his goats sheep, his rats rabbits, and his glow-worms blazing-stars.”

11. *Drunken Sip-Sobrius*.—“A strange hermaphrodite that in one hour changeth from drunk to sober.”

12. *Drunken Clericus or Simplicius*.—“The Countrey Vicar who to his meat must have liquor.”

13. *Drunken Tom Tell-troath*.—What is to be known

Barnabee, ali-ass Maudlin-drunk, besides the description that his proper new Ballad makes of him, *as drunke all night and dry in the morning*, his catch being, ‘ Still one tooth is dry,’ like one old Chamberlaine, called old Twitcher in Yorkshire, who though he had washed many hundred pounds downe his throat, protested he was yet dry for all that: but passing by that humour, which hath some coincidence with Helluohs, this our maultified maudlin is but halfe drunk and halfe sober, like a newter in religion, halfe a protestant, halfe a papist, halfe light, halfe darknesse, like a twi-light; or as a luke warme Laodicean professor halfe hot, halfe cold, or indeed his true Hieroglyphick is an Archized, Tarltonized Buffon, half a fool, half a knave;

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tell him, “he would vent it sooner in his cups, than if I told it in a barber’s shop, a mill, a market, a schoole-house amongst boyes, a bakehouse amongst wenches, or at a gooseup’s feast.”

like a mule half an horse, halfe an asse : or a Cynocephalist, halfe a dog, halfe an ape ; or a Maremaid, half fish, half flesh (*Mulier formosa supernè desinens in pisces*) : but chiefly reflecting on Virgil's worse verse, as a ventriloquist termed his *semivirumq; bovem, semibovemq; virum*, half a man in his sober part, halfe an oxe, a very beast in his acted drunken postures : just (or unjust) as King Philip was on his tribunall ; half asleep, half awake. Not as a lion, the emblem of a politician, waking when he feignes to sleep, as that Witt-all, or all-wit the Roman did to Mecænas (with his *soli Mecænati dormio*) ; but like a semidormant, and semivigilant, betwixt hawke and buzzard, cup and can, a semi-drunkard, and semi-soberatus, quoth old Horsley, like a meer mongrill : halfe a gray-hound, halfe a mastife Yet as in divinity we say, that God will have all in man or nought, the whole man or no man ; without any more

will to admit a corrivall then Cæsar to shift stakes with Pompey, or Alexander with Darius, or the true mother once to divide the child with the false mother: Detesting an Agrippa that is but half persuaded to be a Christian and no further: like a cake half bak'd: or flesh half boil'd or half broil'd, occasioning so much our Irish fluxes. So in morality, though I approve what Paul allowed Timothy, and Solomon's mother the sad-hearted, a little wine, as a little raine to refresh the earth, not to bog it with too much; or so many cups from the grape (according to the old distinction) as tend to necessity and to hilarity, yea to acuity, to whetten the wits of a heavy Dutchman, and to heat a cold Bœotian braine; yet I dislike a man to be half drunk, maudlin drunk, and but partly sober, as I distast a man that is but partly honest, and not downright: as Cato in Rome, and Phocion in Athens. And a woman that is

suspected to be too great a dancer with the Romane Sempronia; or too great a comrade with young gallants, like Augustus his Livia, and Julia, to be held absolutely honest. But to trouble the by-standers no more with this half-staking gamester, I touch upon another who hath oft troubled me."

#### OF THE TITLE.

Under this head the enquiry branches into two questions :

1st. Whether the name of *Barnabee* may be believed to have originated with any particular person.

2dly. Whether it was appositely adopted from the local popularity of an old catch or ballad.

Minute as the account given in the life of the many relatives of Brathwait may appear, let it be recollected that the same is con-

fined to the *paternal* branches only ; which were sufficiently numerous, and enough dispersed to furnish such a succession of visits, within the pale of his own family, as to make Brathwait imbibe the unsettled spirit of a rambler, and to give birth to that coinage of adventure displayed in the Itinerary.

That a fuller notice of the maternal branch of the family should be reserved to this place, has arisen from the novelty it offers to our consideration in exhibiting the name of *Barnabee* among the near relatives of Brathwait. His father, as already stated, married Dorothy, daughter of Robert Byndloss, of Haylston, whose wife was Agnes daughter of . . . . Harrison. Their issue was 1. Anne, mar. William Fleming. 2. The above-named Dorothy. 3. Sir Robert B., knight ; married first, Mary Elstoff of Thornhill, Yorkshire ; second, Alice Dockwray of Dockwray-hall, Kendall. 4. Chris-

topher, married Millicent Dalton of Lancaster; 5. Anne, married Walter Jobson; 6. Thomas; 7. Walter; 8. *Barnaby*.

Of the history of this maternal uncle christened *Barnaby*, no particulars are known. The pedigree states the last three sons as all dying without issue, but does not supply any dates for those events. Therefore whether the youngest son *Barnaby*, died in infancy or lived to a maturer age, remains at present uncertain. In either case, from the alliance to Brathwait, the fact of his existence could not be silently omitted. He might live to figure away as the roving, jolly bachelor; the first promoter of convivial meetings, and boon companion at all opportunities; restlessly in search of novelty, always rambling independently through the country, a welcome favourite of women, and if not the glowing prototype of the hero of the *Itinerarium*, still such an outline of the original 'malt-

worm<sup>†</sup> as needed only the touch of the poet to supply life, colouring, and immortality. If such a bibacious reveller did exist, and obtained no more than provincial notoriety, does it seem too much to expect, notwithstanding the lapse of time, some traditional information of his history? some proverb founded on his eccentricity? or some facetious monumental record, in imitation of his great fore-runner tippling Elderton, to proclaim in his grave that *he was dry?*\*

By the title page it was intended to prevent any personal application of the charac-

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\* Brathwait's knowledge of this character, who "for ballads never had peer," was not discovered when the last edition was printed. The original Epitaph on Elderton is given in the "Remains after Death," 1618, with a translation and comment, thus:

"That of one Elderton (an inscription too bitter) yet to dissuthorize that sin, (which, like that powerfull ointment whereof Apuleius relates, amongst the Thessalonians, transforming and metamorphosing men into brute beasts) to wit drunkennesse, whereof

ter of *Barnabee*, in declaring that the Journal was "to most apt numbers reduced, and to the old tune of *Barnabe* commonly chaunted;" which leads to the last

he was taxed, nothing can be too vehement or violent :

*Hic situs est sitions atque ebrios Eldertonus ;  
Quid dico hic situs est ? hic potius situs est.  
Camb. in Romaine.*

Heere drunken Elderton in earth lies thrust,  
Lies thrast (say I) or rather here lies thirst.

Again in *Nature's Embassie*, 1621, at p. 130, is the following marginal note to the ninth Satyr "of Epicurisme."

"Resembling one Elderton on whom this inscription was writ :

"Here lieth drunken Elderton, in earth now  
thrust :  
What said I thrust ? nay, rather here lies thirst."  
*In Rem. of a greater Worke.*

This Epitaph was imitated by another hand in the following lines *On a Drunkard* :

"——the drunkard,\* while he liv'd would say,  
The more I drinke the more me thinks I may :  
But see how death hath prov'd his saying just,  
For he hath drunke himselfe as dry as dust."  
See *Wit's Recreations*, 1640.

\* Later editions read 'Bibax the drunkard.'

part of the inquiry, under the present head, where we again need information.

The "old tune of *Barnabe*," or, as elsewhere named, "old catch of *Whoop Barnaby*," has escaped all research, however ardently and extensively pursued within the last sixty years, for the purpose of reviving our ancient music and ballads.

The popularity of the words, or tune, or both, first appears by the character of "*Barnabe, a hir'd coachman*," being introduced by Ben Jonson once in a scene of the comedy of *The new Inn or the light Heart*. The slight connection of this character with the developement of the story of the drama renders the name of *Barnabee* too trifling for any other purposes of Jonson than in part to personify a favourite old catch, and thereby to secure applause from the "groundlings" and gallery. *Barnabe*, the hired coachman, having driven to Bar-net, is "as drie as dust," and inquires of

Jordan, the landlord, an old acquaintance,  
 " How does old Staggers the smith, and Tree the  
 saddler ?

Keep their penny-clab, still ?

*Jor.* And th' old catch too,  
 Of Whoop *Barnaby*.

*Bar.* Doe they sing at me ?

*Jor.* They are reeling at it in the parlour, now.

*Bar.* I'le to 'hem : Gi' mee a drinke first.

*Jor.* Where's thy hat ?

*Bar.* I lost it by the way : Gi' me another.

*Jug.* A hat ?

*Bar.* A drinke ."<sup>\*</sup>—

Jonson again mentions this catch in a Masque that was performed several times at Court, called *The Gypsies*, where a pilfering Gypsy is described to have taken from Christian "her Practice of Piety with a bowed groat, and the ballad of *Whoop Barnabee*, which grieves her worst of all."†

\* *The New Inne*, 1631, oct.

† *The Masque of the Gypsies*, printed by J. Okes, 1640.

Edmund Prestwich, in a poem printed 1651, "On a Talkative and Stammering Fellow," with some humour tells him :

" Wert thou but musically giv'n, by thee  
How rarely *Barnaby* would chaunted be,  
When as the Drunkard might take all along,  
His reeling measures from thy stagg'ring tongue?"

Another celebrated writer of that period, Charles Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, 1664, introduces the name to imply significantly the act of *reeling*.

" Bounce cries the port-hole ; out they fly,  
And make the world dance Barnaby."\*

With these notices may be given a Song, pointed out by a literary acquaintance, which, whatever its merit may be, is incidentally entitled to insertion.

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\* Dancing was one of the accomplishments in which Brathwait, as appears by his works, excelled ; and probably described himself for the hero that did

— "winne the LEGGE three yeeres together."

*Shepheard's Tales*, 1621, part 1, p. 18.

## [SONG.]

To the tune of *Pip my Cock.*

" Alas ! poor silly Barnaby, how men do thee molest ;  
In city, town, and countrey, they never let thee rest :  
For let a man be merry, at even or at morn,  
They will say that he is *Barnaby*, and laugh him for  
to scorn ;  
And call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is  
gone :  
But can they not 'tend their drinking, and let Bar-  
naby alone ?

You city dames so dainty, that are so neat and fine,  
That every day drinks plenty of spice and claret wine,  
But you must have it burnt with sugar passing sweet,  
They will not suffer Barnaby to walke along the  
street,  
But call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is  
gone :  
Cannot you 'tend your gossepping, and let Barnaby  
alone ?

You clerks and lawyers costly, that are so fine and  
nice,  
When you do meet so costly, with a cup of ale and  
spice,

You will take your chamber, before you do begin,  
Although you steale him privatly, you count it is no  
sin,

Though Barnaby stands open, in sight of every one,  
What, cannot you 'tend your drinking, and let  
Barnaby alone ?

But I have seen some hostis, that have taken a pott  
When her head runs giddy, she'l call for a double  
shott,

Although she gets her living by such kind of gests,  
Shall mock, scoffe, and deride me, as deeply as the  
rest,

But call me drunken Barnaby when all my money  
is gon,

But cannot they look to their mault man, and let  
Barnaby alone ?" \*

A gentleman now living recollects hearing, early in life, an elderly person singing part of the original ballad, and varying the

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\* *Wit and Drollery, Joviall Poems: corrected and much amended with additions. By Sir J. M., Ja. S., Sir W. D., J. D. and the most refined Wits of the age.* 1661. 12mo.

last line of the fragment, inserted before, at p. 18, thus :

"The drunk over night are dry the next morning."

From the same friendly communication was obtained the following notice of a very modern reference to the musick of this catch. In Henry Fielding's *Author's Farce, with a Puppet Shew called the Pleasures of the Town*, act iii. is the following song to the tune of "*Hey Barnaby take it for warning,*" sung by Punch and an Orator, which is repeated here to supply the measure of the old ballad.

"P. No tricks shall save your bacon,  
Orator, orator, you are mistaken ;  
Punch will not be thus confuted,  
Bring forth your reasons or you are nonsuited.

Heigh ho.

No tricks shall save your bacon,  
Orator, orator you are mistaken.

O. Instead of reasons advancing,  
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.

Ti to."

As this piece was acted at the Haymarket in 1729, and revived with alterations at Drury Lane some years afterwards, it makes it the more remarkable that no certain information can be given of the original.

No particular date can be assigned to the composition of the Itinerary. It seems a piece of mingled fact and fiction, the accumulation of a space of nearly thirty years; and we must not hastily admit all the author desires to have believed in the lines "*Upon this Work,*" vol. ii. p. 7. The four journeys were never the offspring of only a "three days' task;" nor yet wholly written in "the first spring of his minority" when no "razor then had touched his chin," as, by his own confession, at the conclusion of the last tour the hours of youth were fled. Many of the adventures originated in a heated and unripe imagination, while others, founded on local and provincial occurrences, or domestic events of the author's life, are strictly cor-

rect: and, to a few incidents, dates can be assigned. These dates create a doubt whether this prefatory poem applies to more than the first and second parts. The first journey commenced at Banbury, probably while he was a student at Oxford, and ended at Staveley. His second excursion was to London; where having arrived, the poem appears as if intended to end by the stanza "*Upon the Errata's.*" Nor is it improbable that was the fact; and the printing of it suspended from the cold reception of the *Strappado for the Divel* in 1615, the fate of which Brathwait thus records: "A pleasant poeme by the author long since published, and by some no lesse censoriously than causelessly taxed."\*

Among the poems printed with the *Strappado* is one inscribed "to the worshipful Recorder of Kendall," wherein it is said

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\* *Essays upon the Five Senses*, 1635, p. 175.

"my Journey's at an end," and if these words may not be applied to one of the first two parts of the Itinerary, they have scarcely any meaning. The following Epigram, in the same collection, seems derived from his desire to perpetuate his progresses.

*"In Poetam Hippodramum; or Post-riding Poet."*

"It tooke a poet once i' th' head to poast,  
For what I know not, but I'me sure it cost  
His nurse far more (as I have heard some say)  
Then ere his muse was able to repay."

In the last two journeys, Barnabee, without abating in humour, displays in himself a rather more staid character. His amours terminate in disappointments ; and his muse narrates scenes less disgraceful than tippling brawls and sottish revels. At Darlington he marries : and then our Itinerant begins to traffic as a drover or dealer in cattle, solemnly

proclaiming the necessity of living chaste, from the eyes of the country being upon him. At a still later period his rambling terminates with settling at Staveley, where the narrative of his journies underwent a revision. In performing this task, events chronicled long before needed an addition, by way of notes, to fashion them to more recent occurrences. Thus the stanza on Kendal, which ends the third journey, vol. ii. p. 336, and Barnabee's note thereon, are of very different dates ; as the one must have preceded and the other as certainly followed the eleventh year of Charles I. (1636).\* The plague described in the visit to Wansforth Brigs did not happen until the year 1642.† It is therefore conclusive those lines were added during or later than the civil wars. There is also distinct proof of another note hitched upon a stanza to record a subsequent event ;

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\* See note p. 130.

† Note, p. 118.

it is that upon Pomfret Castle,\* for, if we consider the unswerving loyalty of Brathwait, it cannot be doubted that the allusion therein is to STUART, and consequently added after the death of that unfortunate monarch.

This circumstance fixes the time of printing the Itinerary to the Interregnum, when it was not very easy to obtain a license to publish a work that tended to unveil, or ridicule, however slightly, the usurping powers ; and to publish without licence might hazard immediate suppression, as well as render it unsafe for the printer to affix his name. However, that name has not entirely, we believe, escaped research. All the capitals and rule ornaments used in the first edition, (and several are of rather peculiar character) are found in a little work by Brathwait, nearly contemporary, printed

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\* Vol. ii. p. 278-9.

for J. H. We therefore consider it probable that the printer was *John Haviland*, and the time of publication about 1650.

### P. 5.

*Loyall Pheander, &c.*—These lines are similar to the following at the end of the postscript to *Ar't asleepe Husband?* 1640.

“ That Great Commander peerlesse for a fellow,  
Layd Homers Works under his royll pillow ;  
I’m but a poore Commander, yet in stead  
Of those, I’le lay this Boulster for my head.”

### P. 7, l. 7.

“ I’d ne’re seene any curtaine nor partition.”

A more explanatory comment on this line it is not likely will be found than in the following passage from Brathwait’s address in the *Strappado to Mounsieur Bacchus*.

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“ I’le expresse  
What motiues there be of licentiousnesse

Within thy brothel closures, and with all  
Complainte of thy partitions, how the fall  
Of many a simple virgine (though shee's loath  
To do't, poore wench) comes from a painted cloath,  
A curtain, or some hanging of like sort,  
Which done, God wot, they'ue cause to curse thee  
for't."

## P. 12—13.

*Ad Translatorem.—To the Translator.*

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the insufficiency of the English compared with the Latin text, there cannot be any reason for questioning that they were both the production of Brathwait. Upon translating the *Arcadian Princess* from the Italian of Mariano Silesio, he observes: "If this new dresse doe not become him, all that I can say in mine owne defence is this, and no other: 'there is great difference betwixt Taylor and Translator.' Sure I am, that the *loome* is the same, if not the *lustre*; the *stuffe* the same, though not the *colour*."

Which may be equally applied to the Itinerary ; and that he translated when sober what obtained birth from his more convivial hours, according to his own quotation :

“ When I’m drunke as any Rattin,  
Then I rap out nought but Lattin.”

*Law of Drinking, 1617.*

We shall contentedly drop the question by exhibiting specimens of our author’s English poetry in the same manner as he recites his travels.

*To Dorinda, successiue Nuptials.*

“ Purest Nymph that Hybla bred,  
With Ambrosia nourished,  
Beautie’s glorie, nature’s mirror,  
Heauen’s blest Trophe, worlde’s terror,  
Nature made thee and thy feature  
As it seemes to put downe nature,  
Most admir’d, when most dejected,  
Humble most, when most erected.”

*The Poet’s Willow, 1614.*

"An Epigramme called *The Cambrian Alchymist.*

"The planet-stroken Albumazor  
Shaues the Muses like a razor ;  
Fayry like we therefore shun them,  
Cause there is no haire vpon them,  
Muses loose their ornament,  
Cambria has their exrement.——  
In a clowde ? it's rather showne,  
Like the man that's in the moone,  
Where our Iles Ardelio,  
Descants of Tom Trinkillo ;  
Form'd like one that's all in mist,  
Like a second Alchymist.  
Strange the project was, I wis,  
Of this metamorphosis ;  
Nought was, if I understood,  
Good, but that it was deem'd good  
By the great ; O worthy feate,  
To be worthlesse deemed great."

*Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, p. 114.

"Care who loves then, let him liue  
Single ; whereas such need lesse

As themselves to marriage giue,  
 For these want what they possesse ;  
 Care whereof breedes now and then  
 Broken sleeps in many men.”

*Vpon the Single Life*, published with *Description of a Good Wife*, 1619.

“ Nor the crazie citizen  
 But is furr'd up to the chin :  
 Oister-callet, slie Upholster,  
 Hooking Huxster, merrie Malster,  
 Cutting Haxter, courting Roister,  
 Cunning sharke, nor sharking Foister.”

*Nature's Embassie*, 1621, p. 25

“ Haplesse-hopelesse is that clime,  
 Which is of this humour sickle,  
 And in sleep consumes her time,  
 Ruine to states politicke :  
 States are ever most secure,  
 When they hold themselves least sure.”

*Arcadian Princess*, 1635, p. 1

### P. 18—19.

*Banbury*. Barnabee was the determin

foe of the Puritans, between whom and the poets a few skirmishes had taken place in the time of Queen Elizabeth ; but the brunt of the battle was sustained during the two following reigns, until the Puritans were totally discomfited at the Restoration. Some one, not inaptly, has said, "the poets were pert and the Puritans petulant." The first in their satires exposed the others as hypocrites, who in return, in the pestilent heat of their doctrines attempted to brand their opponents as Atheists. Jonson condescended, by his character of " Zeal-o-the-land-busy,"\* to enlist as a distinguished leader, followed by our author,† with Randolph, Cokain, Cartwright, and others of

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\* See comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted 31 Oct. 1614.

† Brathwait, on another occasion, says of the Puritan :

" A walking Hypocrite there was, whose pace,  
Trunk hose, small ruffe, diminutive in forme,  
Shew'd to each man *He was the child of grace,*"

minor import, each having a cut at this big body of deformity, until it was finally dissected by the unrivalled Butler.

The story of hanging the cat, true or invented, was first related by Brathwait, in a short poem in the *Strappado*, p. 109, addressed

*To the Precisian.*

" For the Precisian that dares hardly looke,  
(Because th' art pure forsooth) on any booke  
Saue homilies, and such as tend to th' good  
Of thee and of thy zealous brother-hood :  
Know my time-noting lines ayme not at thee,  
For thou art too too curious for mee.

I will not taxe that man that's wont to slay  
" His cat for killing mise on th' Sabbath day ;  
No ; know my resolution it is thus,  
I'de rather be thy foe than be thy pus :  
And more should I gaine by 't : for I see  
The daily fruits of thy fraternity :" &c.

This was published in 1615, and probably alludes to a current story, as the inverted commas before the eighth line seem to imply

the subject borrowed : though no such distinction appears when repeated by John Taylor, the water-poet, in describing a Brownist :

" The spirit still directs him how to pray,  
 Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,  
 Which doth a mighty mysterie vnfold,  
 His zeale is hot, although his meat be cold,  
 Suppose his cat on Sunday kill a rat,  
 She on the Munday must be hang'd for that." \*

Again it occurs in a poem "*Upon Lute strings Cat-eaten.*"

" Pusse, I will curse thee, maist thou dwell  
 With some dry Hermet in a cel,  
 Where Rat ne're peep'd, where Mouse ne're fed,  
 And flies go supperlesse to bed :  
 Or with some close-par'd Brother, where  
 Thou'l fast each Sabbath in the yeare,  
 Or else, profane, be hanged on Monday,  
 For butchering a Mouse on Sunday." †

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\* *The Praise of Hemp-seed.* Taylor's Works, fol. 1630.

† *Musarum Deliciae: or the Muses' Recreation.*  
*By Sir J. M. and Ja. S.* 1655, 2nd ed. 1656, 12mo.

This conventicle rap was also introduced upon the stage by William Sampson, in the play of *The Vow Breaker*.\* In the third act we have : "Enter Joshua, his cat in a string, Miles, Ball." The scene is too long to be repeated here. Joshua is made to exclaim against "the heathen bables, the may-poles of time, and pageants of vanity ; but I will convince them of error, and scour their pollutions away with the waters of my exhortations." Of the cat he observes : "She did kill a mouse, I but when ? on the forbidden day, and therefore she must die on Munday :" and afterwards passes sentence thus : "I adjudge thee to be hanged this Munday for killing a mouse yesterday, being the high day."

No apology can be required for preserv-

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\* *The Vow-Breaker, or, the Faire Maide of Clifton, in Nottinghamshire, as it hath beene divers times acted by severall Companies with great appluuse. By William Sampson.* — 1636, 4to.

ing here the following ballad, which is now little known. The old printed copy has been corrected by another in manuscript, but neither of them enables us to fix the year when originally written, however certain it was contemporary with our author.

## SONG.

" A presbyterian Cat sat watching of her prey,  
And in the house  
She caught a mouse  
Upon the Sabbath day.

The Minister offended at such a deed profane,  
Threw by his book,  
The Cat he took,  
And bound her in a chain.

' Thou damn'd confounded creature, and blood-sucker, (says he,)  
'Tis enough to throw  
To hell, below,  
My holy house and me.

Thou well may'st be assured thou blood for  
shall pay

That in thy strife  
Took mouse's life  
Upon the Sabbath day.'

O then he took his Bible book, and earne  
pray'd

That the great sin,  
The Cat was in,  
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution was poor Gri  
drawn,

Where on a tree  
There hang'd was she,  
While Pres. John sung a psalm.

Since the act of Puritan and they that bear  
sway,

You ne'er must kill  
A louse nor mouse  
Upon the Sabbath day." \*

\* Printed from an excellent collection of p  
lyrical pieces, called *The Aviary, or Magaz  
British Melody*, oblong, no date, (about

This passage of our author was happily applied, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons, by the late Mr. Courtenay, against two of the Members whose zeal appeared rather overstrained. It was in March 1795, on a Bill for the better observance of Sunday being introduced into Par-

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corrected by a copy in manuscript from the collection of a literary gentleman.—Mr. Franks of Stockton, nephew to the late Mr. Ritson, obligingly communicated the transcript of an old copy, from *The Raven: a choice Collection of Roaring Songs, calculated for the sole use and benefit of such Gentlemen as have little Judgment and no Voice.* 8vo. MS. The Aviary is nearly the same as the latter, except wanting the title of "The Sabbath Breaker, or Murder reveng'd." Another variation of the above song, with two additional verses that form an impotent conclusion, is collected among the *Jacobite Relics* by James Hogg, 1819, p. 37. It is there described as a "popular country song," and entitled the *Cameronian Cat*, though evidently an English composition. By the arrangement the editor to whom we are indebted for this interesting collection appears to have believed it a jacobite production of the time of James II.; but it was undoubtedly levelled against the unbending Oliverians who never intended a king should enjoy his own again. Mr. Hogg describes it as "always sung by the wags in mockery of the great pretended strictness of the Covenanters."

liament by Sir William Dolben and Sir Richard Hill. In debate it was warmly as well as wittily attacked by Mr. Courtenay, who, among other things, said, he would read to the House six lines, whimsically prophetical of this very bill, extracted from a curious little book called "*Rowland's Itinerary.*"

" In Oxford, much against my will,  
I met two knights, Dolben and Hill ;  
The first he was a most profane one,  
The next a rigid puritane one,  
Who hang'd his wicked cat on Monday,  
Because she catch'd a mouse on Sunday."

Sir William Dolben, in reply, treated the quotation as a mere fiction, and compared his antagonist to Lauder the calumniator of Milton. Mr. Courtenay, in explanation, said, the Honourable Baronet had given him more credit than he deserved in ascribing the lines to him ; they were taken

from a book called "*Drunken Barnaby's Travels*,"\*

That our author should particularly satirize the town of Banbury for its puritanism, might arise from the greater number of the inhabitants being of that persuasion. "There is a credible story, (says Bishop Gibson), that while Philemon Holland was carrying on his English edition of the *Britannia*, Mr. Camden came accidentally to the press, when this sheet was working off; and looking on, he found, that to his own observation of Banbury being famous for cheese, the translator had added cakes and ale. But Mr. Camden thinking it too light in expression, chang'd the word *ale* into *zeal*; and so it pass'd, to the great indignation of the Puritans, who abounded in this town."†

\* See Debates, 26th March, 1795, in the *Parliamentary Register*, vol. xli. p. 151.

† *Camden's Britannia*, ed. 1753, c. 300.

Braithwait was well acquainted with *Camden's Britannia*, as appears by a note on the Itinerary,\* and no stranger to this anecdote at the time of writing his epistle to the Cottoneers, where it was indirectly made the subject of his muse. See note on Bradford, p. 263.

Another equally facetious traveller, Bishop Corbet, in the *Iter Boreale*, also remarked the number and variety of sectaries with which Banbury abounded :

" The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,  
Like a grand sallet : Tinkers, what a town is't."†

And in "A Poem [by Cleveland] in defence of the decent ornaments of Christ Church Oxon, occasioned by a Banbury brother, who called them idolatries," it is asked

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\* Vol. ii. p. 415.

† *Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich. [By Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A. 1807.]* p. 202.

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" Shall we say  
Banbury is turned Rome, because we may  
See the Holy Lamb and Christopher ? nay, more,  
The altar stone set at the tavern doore ? " \*

P. 20—21.

*Queen's College horn.*—This ancient drinking horn, one of the Lions of the College to which it belongs, is supposed to be the finest in existence, and long celebrated for its antiquity, beauty, and richness, having just claim for a more elaborate description than the brevity of a note will allow.

P. 22—23.

*Barkley.* The Mayor, the chief magistrate, "tho' now, says Gibson, only titular." *Camden's Britannia.*

P. 22.

*Donec creta fregit fidem:* a poetical fic-

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\* *Parnassus Bipps*, 8vo. 1656, p. 3.

tion. Our author states in the *Address to Mon. Bacchus*,

—“I could say, and tru'y say, far more,  
I neuer ran ten shillings on thy skore,  
Which may seem strange, that I which am so grown  
Into acquaintance, and to thee well knowne,  
Should in thy booke haue such a diffidence,  
As not be chalkt for want of ready pence. \*

P. 24—25.

*Gottam*.—There seems intended a humorous transposition of the proverbial wisdom of the men to the women of Gottam. The female gull dancing in moonshine was probably founded on an accident which happened in the presence of Brathwait, who relates it as a *moot point*, whether to ascribe the same to Fate or the Taylor.

“Upon a time it chanced that I came  
To Gottam, a small towne nere Nottingham,

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\* *Strappado for the Divcl*, 1615.

About which time they kept a solemne wake,  
Where every liuely lad tooke in his make,\*  
Each lasse her lad, so as you need not feare  
But ere they parted they made dancing deare ;  
Amongst the rest a frolicke youth there was,  
Who tooke to him a lustie bouncing lasse ;  
Up went the crowd, the viole, and the fiddle,  
While he right smoothly takes her by the middle,  
Beginning with a kisse, for so they do it,  
Which done right mannerly they went unto it.  
Lightly he caper'd, youth is free from care,  
And she as nimble, bates him not a haire ;  
But long they had not danc'd, till this yong maid,  
In a frest stammell petticoate array'd,  
With vellure sleues, and bodies tied with points,  
Began to feel a loosenesse in her joynts ;  
So as about the may-pole while she tripps,  
Downe fell her under-bodie from her hipps,  
And show'd the naked truth, for all espide it.  
Till one lent her his cloake that she might hide it.  
Now pray you say whom ought we most to blame,  
Fate, or the Taylor rather for the same,

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\* *I. e. mate.*

Or neither, both, but th' fashion sure I weene,  
 But for her points she had not naked been :  
 So as it may a caveat be to such  
 Who use to stand upon their *points* too much.\*

\* Lines of Fate in *Time's Certayne Drawne, &c.* 1621.—In the same year was published *The Shepheard's Tales*, and in the Third Eglogve, Linus the Shepheard describes his wife, Lesbia, to

" Observe the fashion, do I what I could,  
 Bearing a port far higher in a word,  
 Than my abilitie could well afford :  
 That she I say into this fashion got,  
 (As what was th' fashion she affected not)  
 Of tying on with points her looser waste :  
 Now I obserueng how her points were plast,  
 The euen before she to a wake should go,  
 I all her points did secretly vndo,  
 Yet therwithall such easie knots did make,  
 That they might hold till she got to the wake,  
 Which she not minding ;

*Cor.*                    On, good Linus, on.  
*Lin.* She hyes her to the wake (my Coridon)  
 Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,  
 And nimblly falls vnto her reuellung.  
 But see the luck on't, while she scuds and skips,  
 Her vnderbody falls from off her hips,  
 Wherat some laught, while others tooke some routh,  
 That she vncas'd, should show the naked truth."

Breaking the points was a common joke against the prevailing fashion. A similar incident is related in *Kempe's Nine Dayes Wonder*, 1600, as happening when he arrived at the Cross at Norwich.

## P. 24—38.

*Mortimeriados*.—This name is borrowed from an early title page of Drayton's : ' *Mortimeriados*, the lamentable ciuell warres of Edward the Second, and the Barons.' 1596.

## P. 32—33.

*Aberford*.—A little town, "famous for its art of pin-making ; the pins made here being in particular request among the ladies."

—*Camden*.

## P. 34—35.

*Wakefield*.—Every description of the valiant Pindar is worth preserving : the following lines are from the Poem *To the Cottoneers*.\*

" ———That I intend to show,  
Is merry Wakefield and her Pindar too ;  
Which fame hath blaz'd, with all that did belong  
Unto that towne in many a gladsome song :

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\* *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615.

The Pindars valour, and how firme he stood  
In th' towne's defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin-hood.  
How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,  
In spite of Robin, bring his horse to th' fold :  
His many May games which were to be seene,  
Yeerely presented upon Wakefield greené,  
Where lonely Jugge and lustie Tibb would go,  
To see Tom liuely turne vpon the toe ;  
Hob, Lob, and Crowde the fidler would be there,  
And many more I will not speake of here ;  
Good God ! how glad hath been this hart of mine  
To see that towne, which hath in former time  
So flourish'd, and so gloried in her name,  
Famous by th' Pindar who first rais'd the same ?  
Yea, I haue paced ore that greené and ore,  
And th' more I saw 't, I tooke delight the more ;  
For where we take contentment in a place,  
A whole daies walke seems as a cinque pace :  
Yet as there is no solace vpon earth,  
Which is attended euermore with mirth :  
But when we are transported most with gladnesse  
Then suddenly our joye's reduc'd to sadnessse,  
So far'd with me to see the Pindar gone,  
And of the iolly laddes that were, not one  
Left to suruiue : I grieu'd more then I'll say :  
But now for Bradford—'' (*See next note.*)

## P. 36—7.

*Bradford.*—The same story is related, more at large, in the Epistle to *The Cotton-eers*, just referred to.

—————“ For Bradford I must hast away,  
Bradford if I should rightly set it forth,  
Stile it I might *Banberry of the North*,  
And well this title with the towne agrees,  
Famous for twanging ale, *ZEALE*,\* cakes, and cheese :  
But why should I set zeale behinde their ale ?  
Because zeale is for some, but ale for all ;  
Zealous indeed some are (for I do heare  
Of many zealous sempring sisters there)  
Who loue their brother, from their heart iffaith,  
For it is charity, as Scripture saith :  
But I am charm'd, God pardon what's amisse,  
For what will th' wicked say that beare of this,  
How by some euil brethren 't hath been sed,  
Th' brother was found in 's zealous sister's bed.”

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\* See p. 255.

## P. 36—7.

“*Yet bon-socios and good fellows.*”

“*A bonus socius in good company.*”\*

## P. 36—7.

*Giggleswick*.—The scenery of this place is accurately delineated by our author. The “fresh spring” that continually ebbs and flows is described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song 28th, first published in 1612, and is still earlier noticed in the following lines, from a manuscript poem by another popular writer of that period :

“ At Giggleswick, there many springes doe rise  
 That ebbe and flowe in strange and wondrous wise :  
 When 'tis at highest 'tis nyne ynches deepe,  
 At ebbe it doth but one ynche water keepe :  
 It ebbes and flowes each quarter of an howre.”†

\* Poem *To the Cottoneers*.

† *The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feaste of Fancie, or Poeticall Legedes. Written by J[ohn] M[arston] Gent.* 1600. 4to. MS.

## P. 39.

*Clapham*.—Index hand : This peculiarity of the press often occurs in Brathwait's prose works, to note a new sentence, proverb, &c. Here it appears uselessly or inadvertently introduced by the printer.

## P. 42—43.

*Staveley*.—The etymology of this name is given in the *Epistle to the Cottoneers*, describing as the tutelar patroness of their trade, Carmentis, who established the Phrygian works, and coming from Rome to this Isle with Aquila, the fleet divided, and she arrived in the haven of Workington. After giving name to "Cartmell or Carment-hill," she continued her journey, and

— — — — — "On Staelaies Clifffes, they say,  
She laid her staffe, whence comes the name Staffelay;  
Corruptly Stauley, where she staid a space,  
But seeing it a most notorious place,

And that th' trades-men were so giuen to th' pot,  
 That they would drinke far more than ere they got;  
 She turn'd from thence, yet left some maids behinde,  
 That might acquaint them in this wool-worke kinde,  
 While she did plant, as ancient records be,  
 Neerer to Kendall in th' Barronrie.''\*

## P. 44—45.

*Epigram.*—Something similar had before come from the same mint. In *The Smoaking Age*, 1617, occurs “Bacchus Ivie-bush,” and “bottle-nosed Bacchus,” and Brathwait also inscribed a Poem

“To the true discouerer of secrets Moun-sieur Bacchus, sole Soueraigne of the Ivy-bush, master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordi-nance, &c. &c.” It begins—

“ Bottle-nos’d Bacchus with thy bladder face,  
 To thee my muse comes reeling for a place.”†

\* *Strappado for the Devil.*

† *Ibid.*

Again—

" Bacchus cares not for outward signes a rush,  
Good wine needs not the hanging of a bush."\*

The same proverb is given in a madrigal :

" I am no merchant that will sell my breath,  
Good wine needs not a bush to set it forth."†

P. 48—51.

It is conjectured the allusion here is to  
Tom Coriate. P.

P. 50—51.

*Isle of Rhé*.—This place was fruitlessly attacked by the Duke of Buckingham in 1627, some of whose official communications thereon are printed with *Miscellaneous State Papers*, 1778, 4to. vol. ii. p. 23. For "An Elegie upon the Death of Sir John

\* *Strappado for the Devil.*

† *Golden Fleece*, 1611.

Burrowes, slaine at the Isle of Ree," see *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656.

This is the only public event in the first two journeys that militates against the conjecture of their being written about 1615 (p. 238), but it might have been introduced afterwards. At a later period Tom D'Urfey wrote *The Travels of Drunkard, the famous Curr* for his faithful attachment, when

" Away went he and crost the sea,  
With's master, to the Isle of Rhea,  
A good way beyond Callicè."\*

#### P. 50—51.

*John a Gaunt*.—By this allusion to John a Gaunt the town was undoubtedly Lancaster. It has a similar description, and is made the principal scene of action in the History of the *Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640, which begins : " Neare to that an-

\* *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. vi.

cient towne of famous and time-honoured Gaunt, for her antiquity of site no lesse memorable recorded then for those eminent actions of her princely progenitors renowned." Barnabee proceeds to Ashton, which is "near to that ancient town," and where the "militem and heroinam" were no doubt the Androgeus and Euryklea, father and mother of Doriclea, in that history.

## P. 52—53.

*Preston.*—At the time Taylor, the water-poet, made his *Penniless Pilgrimage*, he records Master Banister as the Mayor of Preston.

" Unto my lodging often did repaire  
Kinde Master Thomas Banister, the mayor,  
Who is of worship, and of good respect,  
And in his charge discreet and circumspect ;  
For I protest to God I neuer saw  
A towne more wisely gouern'd by th' law."<sup>\*</sup>

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\* *Taylor's Works*, 1630, p. 126.

## P. 54—55.

*Rose*.—In the encomiastic note upon Rose, the author seems to have borne in memory the following epitaph upon Rosamund, which he probably met with in his first journey, at Woodstock ; or in Camden's *Britannia*.

“ *Hic jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda,  
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.* ”

“ Rose of the world, not Rose the fresh pure flow'r,  
Within this tomb hath taken up her bow'r ;  
She scenteth now and nothing sweet doth smell,  
Which earst was wont to savour passing well.”\*

*Cent-foot*.—Thus again by our author :

“ Let s<sup>t</sup>. foote be, such follies lust afford,  
For fairest play is euer aboue boord.”†

“ Or to play at foot-s<sup>t</sup>. with him.”‡

\* *Camden*, vol. i. col. 299.

† *Morall to the Ciuell Diuell, Strappado, &c.*

‡ *Franke's Anatomie*, ibid.

## P. 60—61.

Alluding to a *skimmington*. “This burlesque ceremony was the invention of a woman, who thereby vindicated the character of a neighbour of hers, who had stoutly beaten her husband for being so saucy as to accuse his wife of being unfaithful to his bed.”§

## P. 140—1.

*Coventry*.—Our author records the fame of “*Coventry blew*,” yet rather singularly omits the opportunity of applying the popular allusion to the Puritans. Cleveland, ‘in a new Litany,’ says,

“ From a holy sister Coventry-blew,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*”

## P. 68—69.

*Stratford*.—Frank Green was, probably, the female to whom Brathwait was “quondam friend,” and subject of a poem entitled

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§ *Popular Antiquities*, 1813, vol. ii. p. 110, note.

"An Embleme which the author composed in honour of his Mistris, to whom he rests euer deuoted : Allusively shadowing her name in the title of the Embleme, which hee enstiles His Frankes Anatomie." Her person is described with all the minuteness and freedom of the school of Donne and other contemporary poets. It is followed by another address "Upon his Mistris Nuptialls, entitled His Frankes Farewell."\*

It may also be conjectured, 'for the name's sake,' she was joined afterwards with his wife in a complimentary effusion, as

*An Hymne Thallassicall or Nuptiall ; implying two worths included in one name, paradoxally intimating the true happie state of contented Love.*

"What I have, that I craue,  
Frank I lost, yet Frank I haue ;

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\* *Strappado for the Divel*, 1615, p. 78-86.

Happie am I in possessing  
Of her that giues Love a blessing :  
Blessed loue, 'boue earthly ranke,  
Stated in my style of Franke ;  
Happie style that thinkes no shame  
In respect of nature, name,  
Forme, affection, and in all  
To be Franke, as we her call.—  
Thus two Franks in beauty one,  
Yeelds enough to dote upon ;  
Equall both in favour, feature,  
Honour, order, name, and nature ;  
Both inclining to one stature,  
Equall'd by no earthly creature.—  
Yet if need's one th' *best* doe craue,  
In my thoughts it's she I hane :  
She whose vertues doe excell,  
As they seeme imparalell ;  
Modest, yet not too precise,  
Wise, yet not conceited wise.—  
With this poem and a pearle,  
Sent to Franke my faithful girle ;  
I conclude with friendly vow  
To my Frank her neighbour too."\*

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\* *Time's Curtaine Drawne, &c.* Oct. 1621.

## P. 68—69.

*Orlando Furioso*, see book xxiii.—Bruth-wait, in a poem called “How Fancie is a Phrensic,” says :

“ Tell them the booke I reade be such as treat  
 Of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Pelteurin*,  
*Furious Orlando*, and *Gerviton* ;  
 Where I obserue each fashion and each feste  
 Of amorous humours, which, in my conceipt,  
 Seeme to to rare : that they that were so strong  
 Should be so mad, and I be tame so long.”\*

## P. 71.

*Skinkers*.—Of Cornelius Vandunk, it is said, “ there is no monument hee so highly admires, as that great vessell of Heidelberge, which he holds a competent draught (and no more than competent) for any *Skinker* in Europe.”† The *Skinker* was therefore

\* *Strappado for the Devil*, p. 103.

† *The Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

considered a great drinker as well as a Tapster.\* In the *Address to Bacchus* the author is to devise larger pots, and the others are to become forfeited :

" Which goods confiscate for their great abuse,  
Nay, afterwards redound unto the use  
Of all such noble *skinkers* (by confession)  
As were deceived by men of this profession."\*

P. 72—73, note.

*Saint Alban*.—Our author appears to have extended the sense as to this Calendar saint, whom, according to Camden, Fortunatus Presbyter mentions thus :

" *Albanum egregrium fæcunda Britannia profert.*  
And fruitful Britain holy Alban shews."

P. 72—73.

*Highgate*.—We have it by tradition that

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\* See *Shakespeare*, ed. 1803, vol. ii. p. 271.

+ *Strappado for the Devil*.

our auth.  
say:

" Fare thee w  
else  
But whoredo  
belles."

*Islington.*—*To*  
*the Lion at ale-h-*  
*Brathwait's charact*  
" My Lord Maior  
is his Jubile, if any  
admitted to so serious  
Courtrey presentments  
or else hee bestows his  
peece of decayed canvas in  
where Mother Redcap mu  
her colours. Here hee "

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\* An uproar or tumult, see Jamie  
So the old Scotch Ballad,  
" Sic hurdy durdy, durddy, and s.  
Sic fiddling and sic dancing

Hostesse draw both together, but not in like nature ; she in ale, hee in oyle. But her commoditie goes better downe, which he meanes to have his full share of, when his worke is done. If she aspire to the conceit of a *signe*, and desire to have her *birch-pole* pull'd downe, hee will supply her with one ; which hee performes so poorely, as none that sees it but would take it for a *signe* hee was drunke when he made it. A long consultation is had, before they can agree what signe must be rear'd. A *Meere-maide*, sayes shee, for that will sing catches to the youths of the parish. A *Lyon*, sayes he, for that's the ouely signe that he can make. This he formes so artlesly, as it requires his expression : *This is a Lyon.* Which old Ellenor Rummung, his Tap-dame, denies, saying : *It should have been a Meere-maide.*"\*

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\* *Whimzies*, 1681.

## P. 76—77.

*Three Cranes.*—The sign of the Three Cranes was in the Vintry. This house remained long in repute, as, by the sign, it appears to be mentioned in a satirical *Character of a Coffee House with the Symptoms of a Town Wit*, 1673, fol. where the ‘Stygian-Puddle Seller’ is said to provide “back-recruiting Chocolet for the consumptive Gallant, Herefordshire Red-streak made of rotten Apples at the *Three Cranes*, true Brunswick-mum brew’d at S. Katherine’s, and Ale in penny mugs, not so big as a taylor’s thimble.”

## P. 78.

*Bacco.*—Young, who is mentioned here as a vendor of tobacco, was probably the most noted Abel Drugger of that period, and thereby well known to our author, who very early in life “aspired to a pipe of rich

smoake with a tinder-box,"\* and seems to have lent his aid in a posthumous fashion to the Tobacconists, "In a little Tract entituled *Tobacco*: published by especiall direction of the author upon his deathbed, dedicated to Humphrey King, one well experienced in the use, benefit, and practice of that herbe, and printed for Will. Barlow (with Tobacco armes) then keeping shop in Gracious Street."†

*Iacco*.—Refers to any popular house where wine was sold.

P. 88—89.

*Ware*.—The allusion to Sir Hugh Middleton being enriched by the project of the New River, is fixed upon by the editor of the fifth edition as internal evidence of the time when the journal was written being

\* *Holy Memorials, &c.* 1638.

† See the observations collected as from this tract reprinted in *The Smoaking Age*, 1617.

1613. It is more probable the lines under consideration were written at a later period by thirty years, when the undertaking began to repay the projectors : and to show how little there is in the former editor's hypothesis, the following stanzas are given from an elegy upon Prince Henry,\* wherein Brathwait pointedly refers to the 'cost' of the concern.

" Why should men thinke th' intention halfe so rare,

Or worth record, to bring a streame from Ware,  
Of pure spring water ? for without *lesse charge*  
I could haue dreind a riuier full as large  
Without ere pumping for't : and with a sluse  
As artificiall : which could no way chuse

(Such is the force of an obsequious pitty)  
But conuey water to most parts o' th' city.

And this without a Jacobs staffe, or ought  
Sauë the dimensions of an aerie thought ;

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\* Printed in *The Poet's Willow*, 1614.

Which measures each proportion, onely griefe  
Excepted, which the measure of relieve  
Could neuer compasse : yet there would be fault  
In my conueiance, for my spring is salt,  
And mixt with briny vapors which distill  
Like pond or marish waters from a hill :

But theirs more sweet, so could I mine allay,  
If I had been at *so much cost as they.*"

Again in 1617 he comments upon the cost of the undertaking by saying, " thou makest us never thinke of our poverty, drawne in sluices from Ware, and in pipes to London."\*

P. 92—93.

*Royston.*—At this town James I. had a residence for the purpose of enjoying the sport of hunting, and probably Brathwait was among those who participated with royalty in that amusement. In the ballad of *Corydon*, or the *Western Huntsman*, Brathwait says :

\* *The Smoaking Age*, 1617, p. 151.

"Blaze not the fame-spred chace of Marathon,  
 Of hillie Oeta, heathie Calidon,  
 For th' chearefull coasts of peacefull Albyon,  
 May show New-market, *Roiston*, Maribon ;  
 And boast as much vpon their game,  
 As any one coul      of them,  
 And amongst th-      ggs not one  
 Could match me      Corydon."\*

## P. 7.

*Stonegate-hole.* There is great similitude between the curious adventure of the attorney's clerk and part of the ancient tale of Dan Hew, monk of Leicester, inserted in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 593. The same story was published by Brathwait, in an anonymous work, in 1640, which we shall repeat here, as it wears all the imposing appearance of being founded on truth.

"To inlay this our lecture with mis-  
 stories, I shall adde one only tale of

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\* *Time's Curtaine Drawn*, 1621.

spritely male, who, for love of a female, lost his maile, and afterwards runne post naked down Sautrylaine.

"There was an atturney's clarke, who comming along with his master by Stane-gate-hole (or the Purser's prize), and hovering a little behind his master, purposly to ease himselfe, tyed his gelding to a stake in the hedge, and went over into the thicket adjoyning: where he no sooner enter'd than he perceived a dainty young wench, of an amiable presence, cheerefull countenance, and a wooing eye, beckning unto him, as if she affected nothing more than dalliance: The clarke, whose heate of youth prompted him on, though his master's speed call'd him back, friendly and freely accoasted her, preferring his owne sport before his master's speed. But while they were clozing up their youth-full bargaine, two lustie *takers* leapt out of a brake and surprised him, calling him to a

sharpe account for the dishonour hee had offered their sister: Hee, who had no time admitted him to put in his plea, besought them that hee might bee dismiste: which motion they inclined to, but by no means till he had *payd his fees.* To bee short, they stript him naked to his skinne, seazed on his port-mantua: and tying his hands behind him, mounted him, mother-naked as bee was, into his saddle. His gelding missing his master's horse, fell a galloping and neying after him. The master with another fellow-traveller, hearing such a noyse and clattering behind them, though a good distance from them, looking back, might see one in white with great speed pursuing them: They imagining it to be one in white armour, put spurrs to their horses: where all along *Sautry-laine* this eager chace continued; the man harmlessly following, they fearefully flying: till they got to Stilten, where they thought them-

selves happy in such an harbour: where they reposed, till that *armed-man* appeared a *naked-man*; whom we will leave to the correction of his master: to whom he made a free discovery of his misfortune, and consequently deserved more favour.<sup>13</sup> \*

## P. 100—101.

*Newfounded College.*—The *Collegium purum* which our traveller went a little out of the way to visit, was the recent establishment by Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire. This foundation was laid about the year 1625 by this learned and pious man, who, having been Deputy Governor of the Virginia Company, after the violent dissolution of that body, retired from public life, purchased the manor of Little Gidding, entered into holy orders, and there founded what was called a *Pro-*

\* *Art asleep, Husband? A Boulster Lecture,* Oct. 1640, p. 64.

*testant Nunnery*, composed of his mother, brothers, sisters, and their children ; in all, about forty persons. The establishment was the subject of much difference of opinion, and much odium was attached to Archbishop Laud, who had ordained the founder, for his encouragement of an endowment so nearly allied to popery. It is pleasant, however, to find our traveller paying, in his graceless ramble, a just tribute to the uprightness of the motives and conduct of the rigid devotees. The last descendant of this once eminent and singular family of Ferrar, a very worthy man, is now clerk of the parish of St. Michael Stamford. G.

See *The Arminian Nunnery : or a Briefe Description and Relation of the late erected Monasticall Place, called the Arminian Nunnery at Little Gidding in Huntingdon-Shire. Humbly recommended to the wise consideration of this present Parliament.*

*The Foundation is by a Company of Far-  
rars at Gidding, [wood Cut] Printed for  
Thomas Underhill, MDCXLII. 4to. six leaves:  
and No. ix. and x. of Hearne's Appendix to  
the Preface to Peter Langtoft's Chronicle,  
1725: also the Gentleman's Magazine for  
1772, vol. xlii. p. 322 and 364: and Eccle-  
siastical Biography, by C. Wordsworth,  
LL.D. 1810, vol. v. p. 73.*

## P. 100—101.

*Wansforth-Brigs.*—The melancholy circumstances under which Barnabee visited Wansforth-Brigs enable us to fix 1642 as the year in which part of his third Itinerary was written. The plague then ravaged the village, and the usual *Miserere mihi!* on the portals, which denoted the infected dwelling, serves to restore our apparently thoughtless wanderer to his sober senses. Another customary mark of that dreadful mortality pervading the house was a bloody

cross on the door posts, as we learn from the water-poet, where the inherent horror of the subject has rapt the sculler into strains of real poetry.

" In some whole street, perhaps, a shop or twaine  
Stands open for small takings and less gayne,  
And every closed window, door, and stall,  
Makes each day seem a solemn festival.  
Dead corsees carried and received still,  
While fiftie bodies scarce one grave doth fill.  
While *Lord have mercie on us!* on the door,  
Altho the words be good, do grieve men sore,  
And o'er the *door posts* fixed a cross of red,  
Betokening that there Death some blood hath  
shed."\*

A very excellent inn, the property of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, still perpetuates the perilous adventure of Barnabee in the Sign of the Haycock, on which he is represented as passing under "Wansforth-brigs"

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\* *The fearful Summer*, p. 59, fol. ed. 1680.

interlocuting the inhabitants as to the origin of his voyage.. G.

P. 104—105.

*Stamford*.—Leland says “that a greate voice rennith that sumtyme readinges of Liberalle Sciences were at Staunforde.” \*

Thus Camden:—“University of Stamford.—In Edward the Third’s reign [not to mention what the fragment of an old manuscript history says, concerning an University here, long before our Saviour,] an University for the study and profession of liberal arts and sciences, was begun here; which the inhabitants look upon as their greatest glory. For when the hot contests at Oxford broke out between the students of the North and the South, a great number of them withdrew and settled here. However, a little while after they return’d to Oxford,

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\* *Itinerary*, 1711, vol. vi, fol. 29.

and put an end to the new University which they had so lately begun ; and from thenceforward it was provided, by an oath to that purpose, that no Oxford man should profess at Stamford. [Here are still the remains of two Colleges,\* one call'd *Blackhall*, and the other *Brazen-nose*; on the gate whereof is a great brazen nose and a ring through it, like that of the same name at Oxford. And it is evident that this did not take its pattern from Oxford, but Oxford from it; inasmuch as that at Oxford was not built before the reign of Henry the Seventh, and this is at least as old as Edward the Third, and probably older.]†]

The following old provincial rhyme confirms the truth and propriety of Barnabee's observation on the 'swarming beggars at Stamford.'

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\* These Colleges of Brazen-nose were pulled down 1688. See *Britannia*, by Gough, 1806, vol. ii. p. 352.

+ *Britannia*, by Gibson, 1753, col. 555.

"Peterborough for pride, Stamford for poor,  
Deeping for a rogue, and Bourn for a whore."

## P. 103—107.

*Foramen Saræ*.—This was a popular ale-house, still flourishing, called "The Hole i' the Wall;" and the *Bona Roba*, as Justice Shallow has it, who entertained our traveller was Sarah Edwards, whose decease is recorded in the parish register in 1646. This "drunkard's cave," not less in esteem than when visited by honest Barnabee, is at this hour owned and occupied by a right worthy landlord and sportsman ycleped Anthony Baker, and is probably the oldest *hospitium* in the place, for "The Maidenhead," where the water-poet rested on his "penilesse pilgrimage," has been long suppressed. G.

## P. 106—107.

*Witham*.—If we had not the utmost confidence in our Traveller's accuracy, we

might perhaps suspect him on this occasion of having reversed an old proverb, which says that

*"Ankham eel and Witham pike  
In all England is none sike."*

Barnabee is, however, correct, for those minute recorders of momentous events, the ancient chroniclers, recount an eel of enormous dimensions being stranded near the outlet of that river at Boston:—and indeed a similar prodigy was taken at no great distance in recent days. To have hooked one of such portentous size, as put the fisher's safety in jeopardy, *so high up the river*, was reserved for the singular good fortune of honest Barnabee, since the Witham has its origin in the village where our traveller rested, and may be stepped across any where between its source and the village of Colterworth, (where Sir Isaac Newton was born) two miles lower. But

there is the poet's license; so we trust, notwithstanding, that Barnabee's veracity will 'moult no feather' from this untoward circumstance. G.

The largest fresh-water eel I ever saw was caught in the river Witham, opposite Bardney. The boy who drew it to the bank with his line was terrified at its bulk, and cried out "a snake, a snake!" but the prize was secured by his companions, and carried home in juvenile triumph. P.

P. 108—109.

*Grantham*.—This town has long been celebrated for whetstones, a small cake shaped like a whetstone, and for a handsome church, 'whose spire rises to a great height,' says Camden, 'and is famous for the many stories told about it.' Barnabee has added an imperfect one to the number: it were to be wished that he had been more explicit. The height of the spire was

273 feet. A few years before Barnabee undertook his third peregrination, the church and spire of Grantham were in such a ruinous state that a petition was presented to the Lord Keeper stating that the parish church of the said ancient borough, 'being very spacious and the steeple thereof famous for its eminent height, were at that present likely to fall into ruin,' expressing at the same time an utter inability to repair it. In this state it seems to have remained till 1661, when it was blown down and rebuilt. The engravings of Hollar, and the history of Dugdale, represent St. Paul's at the time Barnabee travelled as wanting only a spire to compleat the building; and it is likely that the gossip ran among those who shared drunken Barnabee's compotations, that this elegant spire of Grantham was about to be transplanted thence to perfect the splendid cathedral St. Paul's. G.

To this communication of a literary friend we are enabled to add Brathwait's relation of the same story in another work. It is introduced in the *Arcadian Princess*, with the name of GRANTAM transposed into MARGANT, and may therefore be unhesitatingly applied to that place. An index hand is placed in the margin better to secure notice.  “They may wel seem to be ranked and endenized amongst that credulous plebeian society of *Margant*, who were made to beleive, upon the ruines of a sumptuous and magnificent abbey-spire, that the State intended their spire (though many miles distant) should supply it: to divert which intendment, in all humble and petitionary manner, with joyn't consent according to their weak conceit, they beseeched the State (with ample gratuities to some interceding favorites, for their better success) to commiserate their case, and spare their spire. To which the State, pretending

them all favour, after much laughter, pleasantly condescended.” \*

P. 110—111.

*Retford*.—Versifying the old adage that a fish should swim thrice; in water, in butter, and in wine.

P. 114—115.

*Robin Hood's Well*.—Evelyn in his Tour through Yorkshire, in August 1654, says: “We all alighted in the highway to drink at a christal spring which they call Robin Hood's Well; neere it is a stone chaire, and an iron ladle, to drink out of, chain'd to the seate.” *Memoirs of John Evelyn*, 1818, vol. i. p. 278.

P. 118—119.

*Tadcaster*.—“Really, (says Camden,) considering the many currents that fall into

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\* *The Arcadian Princess*, 1635, p. 203.

[the Wherf] this so shallow and easie stream under the bridge is very strange, and might well give occasion to what a certain gentleman, who passed it in the summer-time, said of it :

*"Nil Tadcaster habet Musis vel carmine dignum,  
Præter magnificè structum sine flumine pontem."*

Itinerary of T. Edes. (*Marginal Note.*)

"Nothing at *Tadcaster* deserves a name,  
But the fair bridge that's built without a stream."\*

P. 126—127.

*Alerton*.—“The throngest beast-fair on St. Bartholomew’s day that I ever saw.”—*Camden*.

P. 126—127.

*Nesham*.—At this town there was a Benedictine Nunnery, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and of which no vestige remains. Here Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., slept

\* *Camden’s Britannia*.

in her progress to Scotland. The last prioress was Johanna Lawson, who remained an annuitant in 1553. It was granted 32 Hen. VIII. to James Lawson, who appears to have been great-grandfather of Frances L. who married R. Brathwait. Nesham is in the parish of Hurworth, a beautiful village three miles from Darlington, on the banks of the Tees, and noted as the place where Emerson the celebrated mathematician resided. In right of his wife, Brathwait possessed the manor of Nesham, which afterwards passed out of the family, and was sold by the late Sir Charles Turner to a Mr. Wrightson, and has, we believe, been offered again recently for sale.

P. 128—129.

*Richmud.*—“ Built by Alan the first earl, and honoured by him with this name which signifies a rich mount.”—*Camden.*

P. 130—131.

*Middlam.*—“ Robert Fitz-Ralph had all Wentseddele bestowed on him by Conanus, earl of Bretagne and Richmond, and built a very strong castle at Middleham.” —  
*Camden.*

P. 138—139.

*Kendall.*—A Charter of Incorporation was granted to this town in the eighteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and another charter with additional privileges in the eleventh year of Charles I. The Itinerary being written when only the original charter existed, our author declares there was “nothing but a mayor wanted,” which civic appointment was granted by the new charter. Probably the towns-people were applying for an extension of their privileges when the text was written, and after the obtainment of their request in 1636, it became necessary to add a record of it by a

note, which shows that additions were made long after the Itinerary was first written.

P. 145.

*Malt-worm.*—The following selection of passages, casually made, supply a further trait in the mannerism of our author, where he introduces a favourite metaphor of the worm; and the passages might probably be increased to every work he produced, with trifling labour.

O then thou earth-bred worme, why shouldest thou vant?—*Strappado for the Divel*, 1615.

Lick-wimble, malt-wormes, vine-fretters, &c.—*Laws of Drinking*, 1617.

The gem soiled by a canker-worme.—As the glistering of the glow-worme from the light and splendour of the sunne.—The barraine braine-wormes of this time.—*The Smoaking Age*, 1617.

Cheering the wormes that on his body

feed.—Death is wormes' caterer.—*Description of Death*, 1618.

Now, wormeling, let me speak.—*Discourse on Moderate Weeping*, 1618.

Thou sillie worme, compact of slimie mud.—Art thou a craulng worme, a feeble creature?—*Natvre's Embassie*, 1621.

Thou wouldest wonder how this dunghil-worm.—*Shepheard's Tales*, 1621.

And the sonne of man worme's meat.—Which these earth-wormes of ours can never do.—The very tetter or ring-worme that eats into womens good name.—*English Gentleman*, 1630.

A wittie, waggish, braine-worme.—This malt-worme encounters with a portion of Frontineacke.—This worme will turne againe.—These glo-wormes they are soiles to the purest paper. Till this yealous earth-worme is forgot.—Most politickly compound upon indifferent tearmes with his malt-worms.—*Whimzies*, 1631.

Taking of a red worme from his gall.—  
The folly of a poore-wormlin.—*A dreadfull Princess*, 1635.

When corruption shall bee my mother  
and wormes my brethren and sisters.—  
*Spiritual Spiceris*, 1638.

The peoure worme of herselfe neither  
greatly harmefull nor profitable.—By scur-  
rillous or factious braine-wormes hatched.—  
*Survey of History*, 1638.

Engage my fancy to an earth-worm.—  
*Two Lancashire Lovers*, 1640.

A little worme may lye under a great  
stone.—*Boulster Lecture*, 1640.

Lodges for wormes.—Poor passionate  
worme.—Where the worme is ever gnawing.  
—An earth-worme stript of his estate.—  
*Penitent Pilgrim*, 1641.

The worm will turn again.—*Comment  
upon Chaucer*, 1665.

Oppression is such a ring-worm as it

spreads all over the face of his estate.—  
*Captive Captain*, 1665.

P. 144—145.

*Closing Scene.*—The *vale* here introduced enumerates above an hundred different places ; and as several names are not before mentioned, it may be concluded they were places where our tourist only took a ‘whet.’ Indeed if there is excepted the long chalking at Daintry ; the amour at Mansfield ; the night and day work at Kendall ; a seven days’ tarrying at Preston ; and being no starter when once housed at the Three Cranes, our said Barnabee cannot be deemed a loiterer. He is modelled for novelty and new quarters ; following the author’s adopted adage—

*Unius noctis peramicus hospes,*  
*Proximæ gratus minus est amicis,*  
*Tertia vultus patietur hostis*  
*Dira minantis.*

Guests of one night stay may be kindly welcome,  
 Guests of a next night are not held so toothsome,  
 Guests of a third night are reputed noisome  
 To the receiver.\*

## P. 154—155.

*Malton*.—In the *Strappado for the Divell* is a long humourous poem ‘Vpon a Poet Palfrey, lying in Lauander, for the discharge of his Prouender,’ which accords in part with the description here given :

“ Here stands a beast that eats and has no teeth,  
 Wiske out and winches, and yet has no tayle,  
 Looks like death’s-head, and yet he is not death,  
 Neighs like an asse, and crawleth like a snayle,  
 All bones above, no belly vnderneath,  
 Legg’d like a cammell, with a sea-horse foote,  
 So bigg’s his head he cannot be got out.’ ”

## P. 156—157.

*Rippon*.—Brathwait had early experience of some of the tricks used by jockeys. The following lines from his character as the

---

\* *Survey of History*, 1638, p. 321.

shepherd Technis confirm this presumption, when he

" — did eat, did drinke, and merry make,  
For no delight sauе these did Technis take.  
For I may say to you if so I had,  
My lucke to *horse-flesh* had not beeene so bad,  
As by some yeeres experience I haue found :"—

P. 158—159.

*Appleby*.—The ‘ancient seat’ refers to the castle built there, “for its central as well as strong and beautiful situation in the barony.”\*

P. 160—161.

*Hauxide*.—This place as well as a few others are only named to say ‘Farewell,’ as though Barnabee made no long tarrying therein. For these partial omissions it is difficult to assign a reason, unless it may be conjectured that it is not attributable to

---

\* *History of Craven*, p. 530.

dearth of incident, but that Brathwait knew himself to be too intimately known in the neighbourhood of particular towns to remain, if they were described, long undiscovered as author of the poem. To notice one instance that must have been an intentional omission. He seems peculiarly anxious to avoid mentioning Catterick in his Itinerary; although Barnabee goes to Richmond and Middlam, and it was hardly probable, if even possible, in those days, for him to have gone from one to the other and avoid Catterick Bridge, and an inn there of great antiquity; always celebrated and even now one of the first in the North. Indeed the above conjecture seems tenable from the circumstance that Hauxide is omitted; and there a kinsman of our author resided, who obtained much popular influence and probably had property and a family established in that town. This appears by some lines "Vpon the late decease of his

much lamented friend and kinsman Allen Nicholson, a zealous and industrious member both in Church and Commonweale.'"

*Hauxide laments thy death, Grasmyre not so,*  
Wishing thou hadst beene dead ten yeeres agoe,  
For then her market had not so beene done,  
But had suruiu'd thy age in time to come :  
And well may Hauxide grieue at thy departure,  
Since shee receiu'd from thee her ancient charter,

&c.\*

P. 160—161.

*Garestang.*—Noted for an extraordinary breed of cattle. In May 1772, a gentleman refused 30 guineas for a three-year old cow, sold a calf of a month's age for ten guineas, and bulls for an hundred. He killed an ox weighing twenty-one stone per quarter, exclusive of hide, offal, &c., so that well might *honest Barnabee* at the beginning of the 17th century celebrate the cattle of that place, notwithstanding the misfortune he met with in one of its great fairs.

---

\* Remains after Death, 1618.

## P. 162—163.

*Lonesdale*.—The copy of the Itiner possessed by Mr. Wilson, of Dallam Towe the county of Westmoreland, contained following sarcastic lines in manuscript :

*Villa egena, populus elatus,*  
*Templum damnosum ruiq; laetus,*  
*Obelistus jam novatus.*

A poor town, and a proud people,  
 An old church, and a new steeple.

## P. 166—167.

*Richmund*.—“To Nesham with my man.” Brathwait, for an unlaboured rhy applies what now appears a homely exp sion to his wife, whom he seeks on all o sions to extol as the model of her sex. “*Free, yet Bound ; an Epigram upon Marriage*,” he says :

“ —Thanks to heauen, I haue got such an one,  
 Who though shee be no profest monitor,  
 Shall, as she merits, be my counsellour ;

For shee is firme aboue comparison,  
And loues all *Musique* saue *Division*:

Nor yet assumes shee to herselfe that power,  
As her instructions were so absolute,  
As first with reason shee should not dispute."\*

P. 166—167.

*Kendall*.—Leland, in his Itinerary, remarks of Kendall, or Kirkby Kendall, "in the town is but one chirch ;" and therefore the pastor whose example was so little attended to, is probably the same person who had many years before obtained the like notice from the author in addressing the inhabitants of Kendall.

" But of all blessings that were reckoned yet,  
In my opinion there is none so great,  
As that especiall one which they receiue,  
By th' graue and reuerend Pastor which they haue,  
Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together,  
(As both sincere, there's no defect in either,)

---

\* *Times Curtaine Drawne*, 1621.

For in him both Urim and Thummim be ;  
O that we had more pastors such as he :  
For then in Sion should God's flocke encrease,  
" Hauing such shepheards would not flea but fleece ;  
Thus what wants Kendal that she can desire ?  
*Tyrer's* her Pastor, and her selfe is Tyre ;  
He to instruct her people, she to bring  
Wealth to her towne by forraine trafficking."

*Address to the Cottoneers, 1615.*

P. 170—171.

*John Dory.*—For the ballad of John Dory see Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 163. This lyrical piece continued popular near a century. It was first inserted in the "*Deuteromelia : or the Second Part of Musicks Melodie, or Melodius Musicke,*" 1609. To the farce called *The Empress of Morocco*, 1674, 4to. (which was an humourous burlesque upon the Opera with similar title by E. Settle) there is attached an "Epilogue, being a new fancy after the old, and most surprising way of Macbeth, performed with

new and costly machines, which were invented and managed by the most ingenious operator Mr. Henry Wright, P.G.Q." which was introduced to the audience by "the most renowned and melodious song of *John Dory*, being heard as it were in the air sung in parts by Spirits, to raise the expectation and charm the audience with thoughts sublime, and worthy of that heroick scene which follows."

In Playford's *Second Book of the Pleasant Musical Companion*, 1687, this ballad is succeeded by the well-known satire upon Sir John Suckling as "a second part of *John Dory* made to the same tune, upon Sir John S—— expedition into Scotland, 1639." The same collection contains a song on the power of women, to the tune of the Blacksmith, beginning

" Will you give me leave and I'll tell you a story,  
Of what has been done by your fathers before ye,  
It shall do you more good than ten of John Dory,  
Which nobody can dows?"

Barnabee's censure of those who had rather hear "pipe than sermon," and next bidding to "dance lively with John Dory," is similar to Brathwait's address to the Cottoneers, where, after morally recommending the advantages of charity, he proceeds in the following singular manner :

" So time shall crowne you with an happy end,  
And consummate the wishes of a friend ;  
So each (through peace of conscience) rapt with  
pleasure,  
Shall ioifully begin to dance his measure.  
One footing actiuely *Wilson's* delight,  
Descending on this note, *I haue done what's right*,  
Another ioying to be nam'd 'mongst them  
Were made men-fishers of poore fisher-men.  
The third as blith as any tongue can tell,  
Because he's found a faithfull Samuel.  
The fourth is chanting of his notes as gladly,  
Keeping the tune for th' honour of *Arthur a  
Bradley.*\*  
The fifth so pranke, he scarce can stand on ground,  
Asking who'll sing with him *Mal Dixon's* round ?"

\* This Ballad is printed in the Appendix to Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795.

P. 8—9.

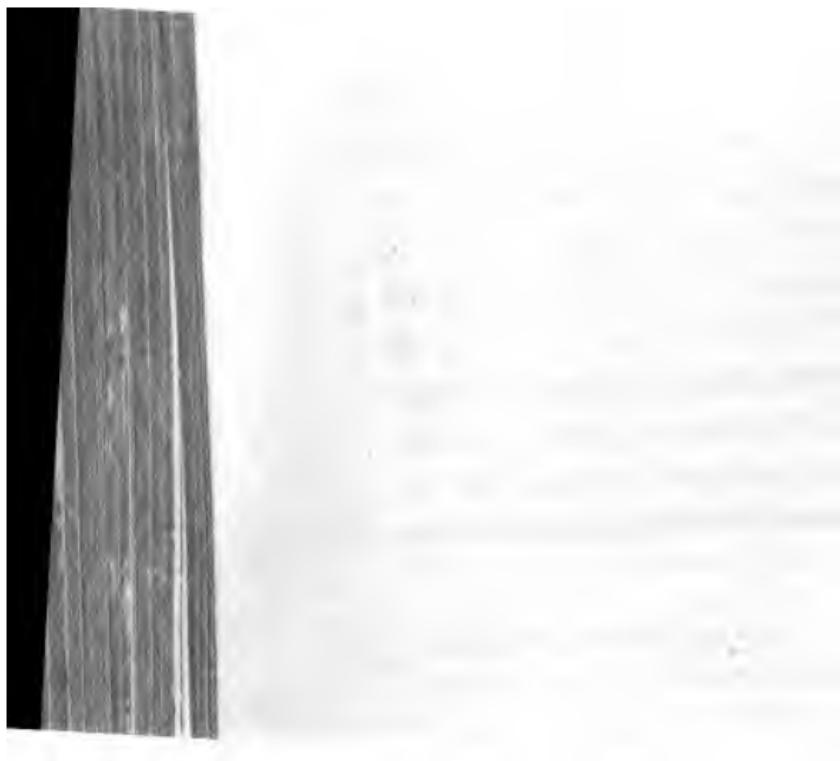
A new English version of this apology for *errata* appeared in poems by Lawrence Whyte, Dub. 1742, 12mo. P.

It was the fashion of that age for authors to implore favour of the reader for the supposed discrepancies of the press. One contemporary instance may be cited from a volume of considerable rarity entitled : *Marsh his Mickle Monument. Raised on Shepherds Talkings, In Moderate Walkings, In Divine Expressions, In Humane Transgressions, Anno Dom. 1645*, 4to. A copy that belonged to the author has the following lines in manuscript :

The printer was too blame, for hee hath made  
My verse speak nonsence, in a many places :  
But gentle reader let mee now perswade  
Thee for to help to mend theyr halting paces :  
And whatsoere I put to printing next,  
Ile watch him so hee shall not mar the text.

JOHN MARSH.

F F



## I N D E X.

---

- ABERFORD, 33.  
Address to Philoxenus, 73.  
*Agónethes*, 221.  
Aldermanbury, at the Axe, 75.  
Alerton, 127, 157, 297.  
Allane, William, xxiii.  
Appleby, 159, 305.  
Arminian Nunnery, 286.  
Ashton, 53, 167.  
Askbrig, 135.  
Attorney's clerk surprised, 283.  
Author's Farce, by Fielding, 236.  
Author marries, and turns farmer, 155.  
*Aviary*, a collection of songs, 252.
- Bacco, 278.  
Bainbrig, 135.  
Ballad of John Dory, 310.  
Banbury, 19, 246, 255.  
Banister, a noted innkeeper at Preston, 53.  
Barnaby, a coachman, 231.  
\_\_\_\_\_, a maudlin drunkard, 220.  
\_\_\_\_\_, Byndloss, 227.  
\_\_\_\_\_, song upon, 234.  
\_\_\_\_\_, the hero's presumed character, 228.

- Barnet, at the Purse, the bears made him kill himself, 73.  
Bautree, 113.  
Bedford, Duke of, 288.  
Bessy Bell, a song, 177.  
Beaver hat, value of a, xxxvii.  
Bonsocios, 264.  
Bottlenose Bacchus, 266.  
Bowes, Sir George, xxvi.  
Brackley, 23, 257.  
Bradford, 37, 263.  
Braithwait, Richard, life of, i.  
——— His name, ii.  
——— Family, iii.  
——— Lines to his sisters, v.  
——— Commoner at Oriel College, vii.  
——— Studies the Law, viii.  
——— Writes for the Stage, xii.  
——— Retires to Burnshead, xiv.  
——— Marries, xviii.  
——— License, xix.  
——— Children, xxi.  
——— Writings, xxiii.  
——— Wife dies, xxvii.  
——— Marries again, xxix.  
——— Loyalty, xxxi.  
——— Death, xxxiii.  
——— Character, xxxv.  
——— Strafford, xxx.  
Bramham, 119.  
Brazen-nose College at Stamford, 298.  
Brickhill, 69.  
Brown dozen of drunkards, 220.  
Bruarton, a merry story, 61.  
Buckingham, Duke of, 267.

- Budworth, at the Cock, 57.  
Buntingford, 91.  
Burleigh, 103.  
Burrowes, Sir John, 103.  
Burton, 161.  
Byndloss, families of, 227.  
  
Cambrian Alchymist, an epigram, 245.  
Cambridge, 95.  
Cardinal's hat, 77.  
Carperby, 131.  
Cartwright, William, 247.  
Cat hanged on Monday, 248.  
Catch upon Barnaby, 231.  
Catterick, manor of, xxxiii.  
Caxton, 93.  
Cent-foot, 270.  
Character of a coffee-house, 278.  
Charles I., xxii., 240, 241.  
— II., xxii.  
Clapham, 39, 265.  
Clericus, 222.  
Cleveland, John, 256.  
Clitus, xxii.  
Clowne, 31.  
Cokain, Sir A., 247.  
Coleshill, the butcher's wife there, 63.  
Conventicle rap, 248.  
Corbet, Bishop, 256.  
Coriate, Tom, 267.  
Cotton, Charles, 233.  
Coventry, 271.  
—, for blue, 65.  
Courtenay, Mr., 254.  
Cowbrow, 41, 167.

- Cranes (Three), 77, 278.  
Crofts, Roger, xxix., xxxii.
- Dalton, 161.  
Dapper Dick, xxxvii.  
Darcy, H., Esq., xxxii.  
Darlington, 129, 159.  
Daventree, 23.  
Deuteromalia, 310.  
Dolben, Sir William, 254.  
Doncaster, 31, 115.  
Don Quixot, 222.  
Dorinda, lines to, 244.  
Dory, John, 310.  
— danced with, 171.  
Drayton, 264.  
Drink-hard Helluoh, 221.  
Drunkards, their names, 221—223.  
Drunken Barnaby, his character, 221.  
— Dick, the Gull-Gallant, 221.  
Drunkenness, its effect, 219.  
Dugdale, 294.  
Dunchurch, 65.  
Dunstable, 71.  
D'Urfey, Tom, 268.
- Eels of large size, 293.  
Elderton, tippling, 230.  
Epitaphs, 230.  
Euston, 55.
- Ferrars, Nicholas, his nunnery, 285.  
Ferrybrig, 117.  
Fielding, Henry, 236.  
Foramen Saræ, 291.

## Persons Mr. 21

- Gandy, Tom 27.  
 Gansing, Eliza 187.  
 Gantle 27.  
 Gidding, Little, ~~January 2.~~ 35.  
 Gifford, 27. 24.  
 Gilman, 27.  
 Godwin, 22.  
 Goodwin, 25. 228.  
 Gratiot, 208. 225.  
 Green, Frank. 27.  
 —— Prince of Scotland, the 22  
 65.  
 Greene, Robert. 22.  
 Griffin in the Old Bailey 27.  
 Guests at three nights 24.  
 Gypies, a ~~January~~ 22.
- Hancock, 22.  
 Harrington, 22.  
 Hart's Avenue 27.  
 Haviland, John, the writer 22.  
 Hawke, 181. 205.  
 Heywood, 21.  
 Hearne, Mrs. no estimate of her worth 22.  
 Hegge, Mr., sic.  
 Helpert, 22.  
 Henry VIII., 22.  
 —— Prince of Wales 20.  
 Highgate, 22.  
 —— the Hawk house 22.  
 Hill, Sir Richard. 22.  
 Hockley-hope, 22.  
 Hoddeson, 22.  
 Hogg, James, his worth 22.

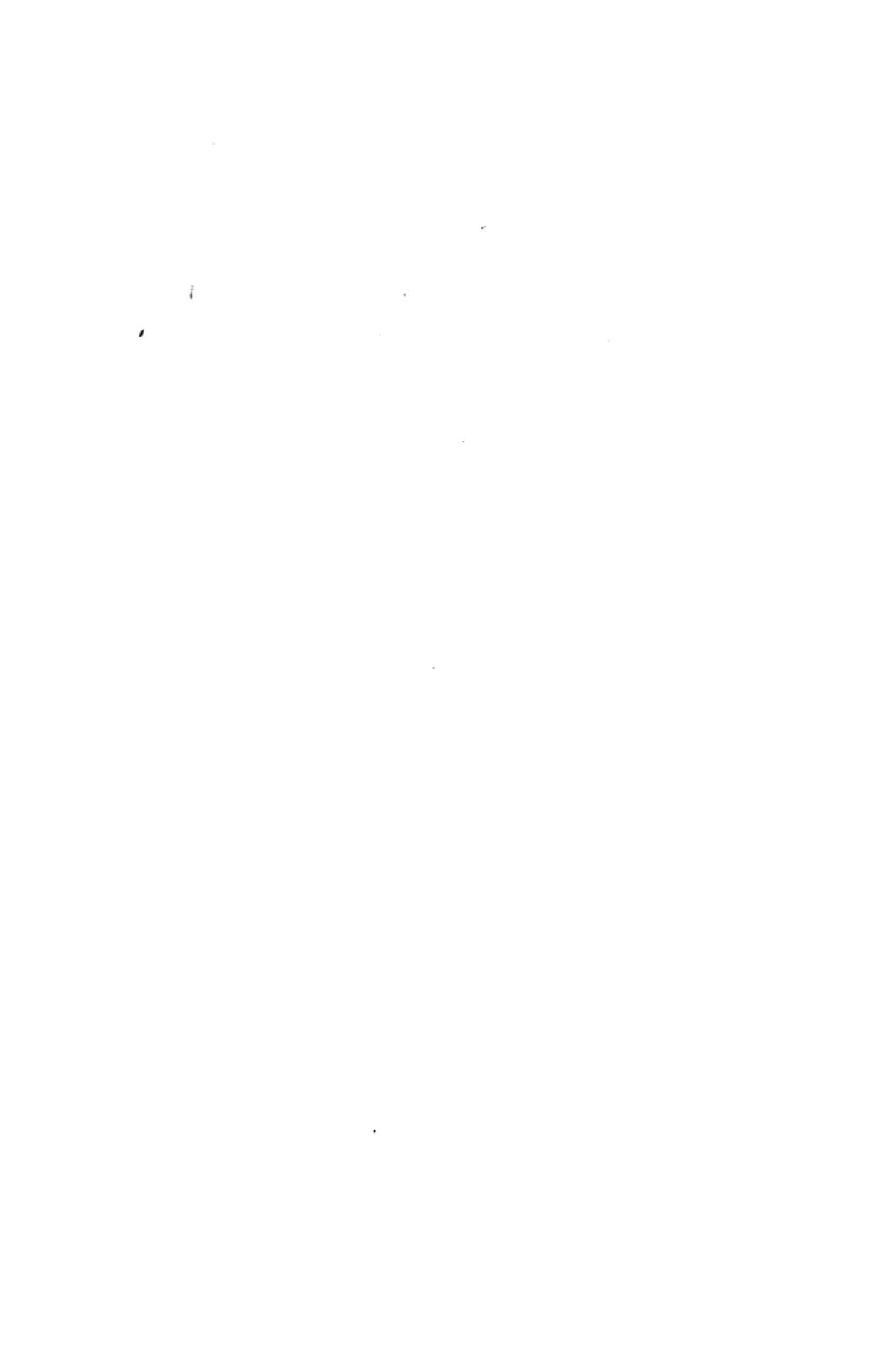
- Holbourn-bridge, at the Rose, 77.  
Hollar, 294.  
Holloway, 75.  
Holm-Chapel, for ale, 57.  
Hornby, 161.  
Huntington, 97.  
Hutton, Sir Timothy, xxvi.
- Jacco, 279.  
Ingleforth, 161.  
Ingleton, 39.  
John, Little, 27.  
John à Gaunt, 51, 268.  
Jonson, Ben, 231, 232.  
Islington, 276.  
—, at the Lyon, 75, 87.
- Kendal, 139, 169, 299, 309.  
Kighley, 37.  
Killington, 139.  
Kingsland, 87.  
Kirkland, 43, 169.  
**Knave's-acre, near York, where the pipers  
hang'd, and play'd afterwards, 121.**
- Laurence, 222.  
Lawson, James, 298.  
—, Lawson, Johanna, xviii., xxi., 298.  
Leave taken of all the places he drank at  
—155.  
Leicester, at the Bell, 23.  
Leland, 289, 309.  
Litchfield, he borrowed money of an old usurer  
London, 87.  
Lonesdale, 41, 163, 308.  
Lousy Hill, 127.  
Loyall Pheander, 242.

- Maidenly John, 135.  
Malton, 155, 304.  
Mansfield, 27.  
Malt-worm, 300.  
Marsh, his mickle monument, 313.  
Marston, John, MS. poem by, 264.  
Meredin, merry with his landlady Joan, 63.  
Middlam, 131, 159, 299.  
Middleton, Sir H., 279.  
Morocco, Empress of, 310.  
Mortimeriados, 261.  
Mother Redcap's at Holloway, 75.  
Musophilus, v.  
  
Natland, 41, 167.  
Nesham, xviii., 297.  
\_\_\_\_\_, for its nunnery famous, 127.  
Newcastle-under-Line, 59.  
Newfounded College, 101, 285.  
New Inn, a comedy, 231.  
Newton in the Willows, 55.  
Newark, 111.  
Nicholson, Allen, 307.  
Norton, Ma., Esq., xxxiii.  
Nottingham, 25.  
  
Of the title, 226.  
Orlando Furioso, 274.  
Overbowles, 27.  
Ouston, 161.  
Oxford, 21.  
  
Parnassus Biceps, 257.  
Penrith, 161.  
Philautus, 222.  
Playford's Musical Companion, 311.

- Poetam Hippodramum, 239.  
Points in dress of women insecure, 260.  
Pomfret, for liquorice, 117, 157.  
Precisian's cat, 248.  
Preston, 53, 269.  
Prestwick, Edmund, 233.  
Proverb, Stamford, 291.  
Puckbridge, 91.  
  
Queen's College horn, 257.  
  
Rainesford, the prelate there, 99.  
Randolph, 247.  
Raven, a choice collection, 253.  
Ravinglass, 161.  
Redbourn, 71.  
Redcap, Mother, 276.  
Redmeer, 131.  
Retford, 111, 296.  
Rhé, Isle of, 267.  
Richmond, 129, 167.  
Richmurd, 298, 308.  
Ridgelay, 61.  
Rippon, 157, 304.  
Ritson, 312.  
Robin Hood, 27.  
Robin Hood's Well, 115, 296.  
Rosamond's Bower, 21.  
Rose, 270.  
—, a pretty girl at Newton, in Lancashire,  
Roslay, 161.  
Rothram, at the Bull, 31.  
Rowland's Itinerary, 254.  
Royston, 93, 281.  
Rummung, 277.

- Saint Alban, 275.  
Sampson, William, 250.  
Sarah's Hole, 107.  
Sautry, 99.  
Scarlet, Robin Hood's man, 27.  
Scrubie, 13.  
Sedbergh, 137.  
Settle, Elkanah, 310.  
Sherburn, 119.  
Sherwood, 25.  
Sip-Sobrius, 222.  
Skimmington, 271.  
Skinkers, 274.  
**Smeton, 127.**  
Song—Hey, Barnaby! 223.  
— on Presbyterian cat, 251.  
Spermologus, 222.  
St. Alban's, 73.  
Stamford, 105, 289.  
Staveley, 43, 171, 265.  
Stilton, 101.  
Stone, at the Bell, 59.  
Stonegate Hole, 97, 282.  
Stratford, 69, 271.  
Suckling, Sir John, 311.  
  
Tadcaster 119, 296.  
Tauk-a-Hill 59.  
Taylor, John, 249  
Theobalds 89.  
Thornton, William, Esq., xxxii.  
Thyrsk, 25, 157  
Tippling Barnaby's character, 221.  
Toceter, where he sate up all night, 67.  
Tom Tell-troth, 222.  
— Trouble-towne, 221.

- Topcliff, 125, 157.  
Totnam Highcross, 87.  
Translator, 243.  
Turner, Sir Charles, 298.  
Vale, 303.  
Wademill, 91.  
Wakefield, 261.  
\_\_\_\_\_, Pindar, 35.  
Waltham Abbey, 89.  
Wandesford, Christopher, Esq., xxxiii.  
Wansforth-brigs, 101, 287.  
Ware, 89, 279.  
Warrington, 57.  
Wedon, where he vomited, 67.  
Wentbridge, 115.  
Wenchly, 131.  
Wetherbe, 35.  
Whoop Barnaby, 232.  
Whyte, Lawrence, 313.  
Wigan, 55.  
Wilson, Edward, knew the author, xxxviii., 308.  
Wimble-tree, alias Reeler, 221.  
Witham, 107, 291.  
Woodstock, 21.  
Wordsworth, C., 287.  
Worm, a favourite metaphor by Braithwait, 300.  
Worton, 133.  
Wrightson, Mr., 298.  
  
York, where he lay with the weaver's wife, 121.  
Young, the tobaeconist, 79.  
Younger, Tom, of Brickhill, 69.











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